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The Lamp

THAT ALL MAY BE ONE

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JUNE 1958



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MEAL BONDS FEED THE HUNGRY



Every day poor discouraged friendless men come to St. Christopher's Inn hungry, footsore, and weary. We do what we can to take care of their needs and help them back on their feet. Last year we sheltered over 5,000 different men at St. Christopher's Inn and served them over 150,000 meals. At present, with our newly completed addition, St. Christopher's Inn can house 200 men.

Your Meal Bond will enable us to continue this good work.

Each Meal Bond entitles you to a remembrance in the prayers and good works of the

Graymoor Friars and of the men who come to us for aid. In addition, for each Meal Bond donated, the Friars will arrange a set of Gregorian Masses to be said either for you after you die, or for someone else after he or she dies, or immediately for someone who is already deceased. This set of Gregorian Masses is our thanks to you for helping us in performing the Corporal Works of Mercy.

If you would like to know more about St. Christopher's Inn, what it is, how it began and what it does, we will be only too glad to send you a brochure.

Send bond subscriptions to the Father General, Graymoor, Garrison, New York

The Lamp

A CATHOLIC MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO CHRISTIAN UNITY AND MISSIONS

Contents

FEATURES

- Mostly for Men 23
by John Patrick Gillese
- Mostly for Women 25
by Nancy Westlake
- Teen Topics 27
by Lynn Alexander
- Graymoor in Japan 29
by Titus Cranny, S.A.
- A Woman of Unity 31
by Sister Mary Celine, S.A.

ARTICLES

- And Now There Are Three 7
by J. J. Hanlin
- The Mother of Universal Charity 10
by Ruth Oswald
- He Found Peace 12
by Joseph F. Gagen

FICTION

- I Remember Padre 14
by Florence Christian

DEPARTMENTS

- Correspondence 2
- In Focus 3
- Necrology 4
- Uncompleted Burses 5
- One Faith—One Lord 6
- Graymoor Annals 16
- By the Light of the Lamp 19
- At St. Anthony's Feet 21

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This Month

Acknowledgment

The magnificent photograph of Our Holy Father that we are using on our cover this month was given to us by the New York Daily News through the courtesy of Ed Clarity. It was taken on the occasion of the Pope's latest birthday.

Cancelled Stamps

Fr. Clement informs us that the supply of cancelled stamps that he sells for the missions is running out. Would you send us what you have? All stamps are good but the best are the commemoratives. Thank you.

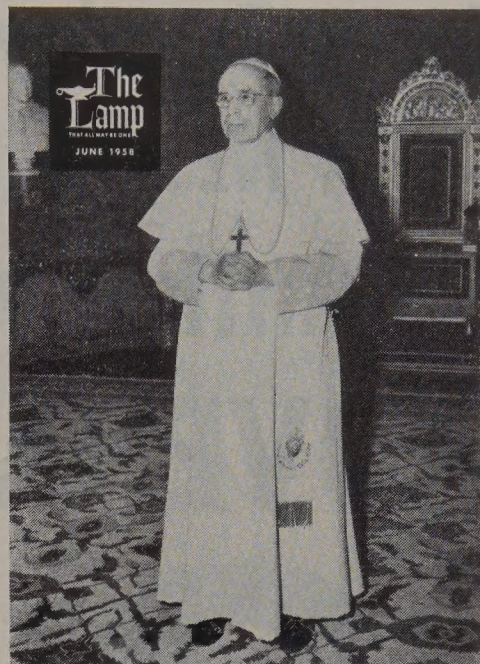
St. Anthony

Over 700 years have passed since Saint Anthony, the greatest of the sons of Saint Francis has taken his place in the heavenly court. On earth Anthony was renowned for his holiness, his untiring zeal for souls and his persuasive preaching. In heaven, as thousands and thousands of his devoted clients will acclaim, he is renowned for his intercessory power. Nothing it seems, when it is for the glory of God and the good of the one requesting, is ever refused when Saint Anthony is asked to make known the request to God.

As you good readers of our LAMP know, month after month we are asked to publish reports of favors granted and prayers heard through the marvelous intercession of Saint Anthony. We do our best to print as many as we can but so great is the testimony proclaiming his powerful intercession that we couldn't begin to print all the letters we do receive.

You may be sure Saint Anthony understands.

Within a short time you will receive your petition slip for participation in the Solemn Novena which we are having in his honor. This novena will begin on June 4th and will end with a solemn High Mass on June 13th, his feast day. Fill out the petition slip you will receive, send it in early in order that it may be



OUR COVER

His Holiness Pope Pius XII

placed at his shrine here at Graymoor.

Last November we told you about the famous Brief of St. Anthony. It consists of a cross without the figure of Our Lord together with the following ejaculation taken from the Office of the feast of the Holy Cross: "Behold the Cross of the Lord. Flee, ye adversaries. The Lion of the Tribe of Juda, the Root of David has conquered. Alleluia."

Thousands of clients of St. Anthony all over the world make a practice of wearing or carrying on their persons a copy of the Brief, believing that, together with devotion to the great Saint of Padua, it insures his protection for themselves against dangers of soul and body.

This Brief can be carried on the person or in a purse or wallet or pocket to obtain the protection and help of St. Anthony. Though no particular prayer is obligatory the following is very suitable:

"May he intercede for us, O Lord, Thy holy confessor, Anthony, upon whom, adorned with heroic virtues, Thou did'st bestow the gift of miracles, even unto working prodigious signs and wonders. Through Christ, Our Lord. Amen."

The number of requests that we had for the Brief was so great that our supply was soon exhausted. Since then we have reprinted it. Look for yours in the letter we have sent you, containing your petition slip. If you would like an extra Brief for yourself or for a friend write to:

Fr. Austin, S.A.
Graymoor
Garrison, N. Y.

Every Tuesday A NEW St. Anthony NOVENA



Finder of things lost Worker of miracles Helper in necessities

Ever since his canonization St. Anthony has been a favorite saint of millions. His interest in man and his prompt help have made him loved by all. Every day we receive many petitions to be included in our perpetual novena. Many letters of thanksgiving for favors are received every day.

Why not invoke SAINT ANTHONY in your need

A NEW NOVENA BEGINS EVERY TUESDAY

FRANCISCAN FRIARS
OF THE ATONEMENT

GRAYMOOR, GARRISON, NEW YORK

Correspondence

Dear Father:

Though I do not know you I wish you Happy Easter and write to you. I just heard your name again over THE AVE MARIA HOUR which as a shut-in I have regularly enjoyed. I am not asking you for anything—I just thought I had to write to somebody and say: God bless all connected with this Hour; and keep it on the radio.

I was a seminarian when first I heard of your saintly Founder Fr. Paul. Of course you can understand my partiality for the name. We were asked as seminarians to pray for Unity by Fr. Paul who sent us THE LAMP (with two wicks on the lamp on the cover). You can imagine how happy we were when we heard Fr. Paul had become one with us in the Church. Greater joy when the Fathers of the Atonement were started. Our Prefect of the Seminarians (who has gone to his reward) gave us Fr. Paul's message and told us to join Fr. Paul in the "Unity Octave" by praying for unity. May the work of the S.A. go on and multiply God's graces wide and plentifully.

Please excuse my scrawl; for only about a year ago did I start all over to write, the stroke of 1952 had so affected my eyes that have gradually improved.

A friend of mine sends me THE LAMP regularly after having read it. In fact I just finished with the April number. Incidentally, I think it was a fine idea to put Fr. Paul's picture over the editorial section. April number's "Vocations" is excellent. May the S.A. get more and good vocations. There is room for more vocations to all congregations and orders—there is room for all of us in this troubled and confused world. I feel sure your S.A. will be blessed in its work because you have members working in Japan. Our vocations have grown, for example, here in the U.S.A. as soon as we began working in Puerto Rico and South America.

Hoping I did not bore you with all I wrote (I have plenty time to do so) and trust I have sufficiently expressed my affection for the S.A., I remain,

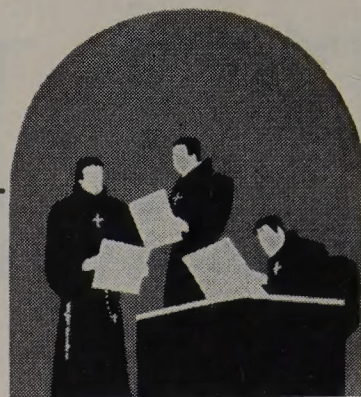
Gratefully yours,

(Signed) Sacerdos

Rare Disease

Dear Father: In August last, I was stricken with what the doctors described as a very rare blood disease and for a while it was not known whether I was to survive or not; my blood was breaking up and I was losing it. Finally, after being administered the Last Rites of the Church and given a double blood transfusion, the doctors prescribed a derivative of cortisone and, thank God, my blood stopped breaking up and my system resumed the process of making up platelets, which are one of the blood components and which were breaking up.

When I was all but given up by doc-



tors and specialists, I asked Our Blessed Mother, St. Anthony and the Holy Souls to intercede with God for me, with a promise of publication in THE LAMP. Meanwhile, nuns from two convents in our town were praying to St. Jude in my behalf, for mine was a really desperate case.

Well, thanks to all these prayers, I recovered very quickly, to the astonishment of the doctors who were attending me, and to the hospital staff. Doctors do not know yet why or how I contacted the disease but, what is more, they cannot understand why or how I ever recovered from it. As far as they were concerned, I was a doomed man for the disease was fatal. God has His secret ways, but I am sure glad to be back with the living and to look once again after my family of three sons aged ten, six and five.

I do not know if we can call my recovery a miracle, but it just looks like one; as one doctor told me: "It just so happened that your system reacted in the proper way at the right moment!"

So, Father, would you join me in thanking God for this speedy recovery and also in asking Him to preserve me from a recurrence of the disease for the doctors do not know whether I'll again be stricken down with it.

H.P.M.

Money Found

Dear Father: About two weeks ago I lost a considerable amount of money. If the money were found I promised to have it published in THE LAMP together with a donation of \$10.00 to the Franciscan Friars. As usual St. Anthony restored the lost money.

For years I have been devoted to St. Anthony. He has never failed me. At times it is almost frightening the way he answers my petitions.

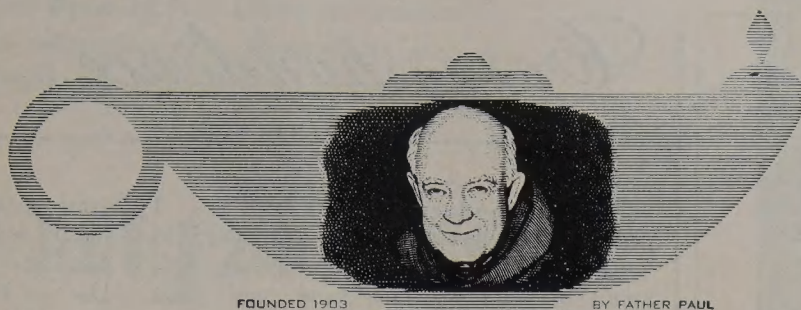
I look forward each month to the publication of THE LAMP. Many of my friends have also enjoyed it.

M.E.T.

Health

Dear Father: I have found in St. Anthony a new and most wonderful friend. For many months I have heard many wonderful things about St. Anthony and the way he has helped those who invoked his aid. Just recently my mother was terribly sick and was taken to the hospital. I prayed day and night but she didn't get better, then I got hold of THE LAMP and started to read some of the articles that are printed in there. I saw that St. Anthony was the finder of lost things, worker of miracles, and helper in necessities. Right there I in-

(Continued on page 4)



IN FOCUS AS WE SEE IT

HEARTS: DIVINE AND HUMAN

JUNE is the month of God's glory and of man's happiness. It is a joyful, beautiful month for many, especially for those whose lives are marked by important milestones.

June is the month of graduations, marriages, and ordinations.

June is the month of hearts and flowers—of hearts—for all that is noble, holy, and good comes from sacrifice and love; of flowers—because congratulations are in order for the graduate, the bride, the priest.

June is the month of love.

Fond parents are misty-eyed when their children garbed in cap and gown receive the diploma of their success. It may be a sheepskin, a parchment, or just folded paper. It may come from a university, a college, a high school, or any other educational institution. But it brings intense joy to the graduate and to the devoted parents.

Mothers weep openly with happiness at marriages. Fathers are proud and happy too but they are less affected and demonstrative. Marriage is most happy but also most serious. It involves responsibilities far greater than any graduation. It means loving each other in Christ. It means being united to Christ and each other in bonds that are unbreakable. It means love consecrated by Christ to the holiness of a sacrament.

JUNE is the month of ordinations. It means a share in the eternal priesthood of the Son of God. There is no burden like it, no achievement to equal it, no love to compare with it. Parental hearts burst with joy and happiness on this hallowed and happy occasion. But no one can grasp or measure the joy of a priest whose hands are anointed with oil and his soul is sealed with the seal of God's own love as if He said: "You are my priest. You belong to Me—alone." This is love with no description.

But these June blessings should point to a further fact.

June is the month of the Heart of Christ.

There is no true love without His; no happiness gained apart from serving Him; no real success unless it be gained on dedication to His interests. St. Gregory the Great gives us the lesson: "Learn

of the Heart of God in the words of God so that you may more ardently long for eternal things."

June is the month of love—of God's love for men. "I have loved thee with an everlasting love. Come to Me all you who labor and are heavily burdened and I will refresh you. I am come that they may have life and have it more abundantly." Or recall the thrilling cry of the Apostle: "He loved me and delivered Himself *for me*."

The feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus falls on June 13. But the entire month is dedicated to the mystery of His infinite love. The love of our hearts should be joined to the Love of His Sacred Heart. And the purpose of this devotion, as the Holy Father tells us, is threefold: "(1) the return of countless souls to the religion of Christ; (2) the reanimated faith of many people; and (3) the closer union of the faithful with the most loving Redeemer." He reminds us that the Love of the Heart of Christ is of "incomparable excellence and the inexhaustible store of heavenly gifts."

ORDINATION day, marriage ceremonies, and graduation exercises remind us of basic elements of all living—of love and sacrifice. There is no genuine love without them. No joy in God without love for Him. And sacrifice is the language of love. Our model of atonement and love, of at-one-ment and holiness is the Queen and Mother of the Sacred Heart, the Virgin Mary.

If our love be strong and constant then the magnificent blessing of the Apostle may be ours:

"for this reason I bend my knee
to the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ
that He may grant you from His glorious riches
to be strengthened with power through His spirit
unto the progress of the inner man;
and to have Christ dwelling by faith
in your hearts
so that being rooted and grounded in love
you may know the height and breadth
and width and depth
of that Love
which surpasses all knowledge
in order that you may be filled
unto all the fullness of God." (Eph 3:14, 16-19) †

Necrology



We commend to the prayers of our readers the souls of the faithful departed, and particularly the deceased subscribers and their near relatives whose deaths have been reported to us. Thirty Masses will be said for them.

Rose Rioux, Anthony Sporer, Mrs. William D. Hasset, F. J. Smith, Mary Mellon, Beata Sheedy, James J. McIntyre, M. Binney, Anna Victoria Penny, Mary Deschauer, Catherine Quimby, James Delaney, Katherine Hayworth, John Harrison, Mrs. Thomas Koernan, Joseph Wackerly, Angelina Sciala, Jennie Masone, Charles Monaghan, Charles Bottilana, Mrs. William S. Grabb, Joseph Di Serio, Dominick Amelio, Jennie Masoni, James H. McGuire, Mrs. Mar Gumershimer, Thomas J. McGlone, Francis Joseph Ratcliffe, Mrs. Thomas Kiernan, Evelyn Walter, Miss Ellen Cavanagh, Miss Louise Baker, Mrs. V. Fisher, Walter P. Stephany, Michael Iannuzzi, John Mulran, Catherine Klebet, Katherine Seifert, Annie Hartman, Robert Earl Waples, Scott Mayham, Mrs. Heald, Marion Gridley, Patrick John, Frances Moran, Mrs. M. Kriete, Gertrude Wiltshire, Mrs. W. B. Kendall, Matilda Pigeon, Transito Hernandez, Frank Naedele, Sister Maria Denise, Sister Mary Marcian, Michael Crowley, Carol Vonderhorst, Francis Magee, William T. McFadden, John Curran, Stanley Wasciechowski, Martha McCullough, Sarah McGuigan, Zelinda Gianoni, Margaret C. Kriete, Louis Weber, Margaret Keohane, William Cosgrave, James F. Smith, Jane Toscano, Joseph La Flamme, Patrick J. O'Rourke, Patrick McCann, William Stafford, Lawrence Kiernan, Florinda Fontanesi, Amato Sciala, Francis Curran, John Monaghan, Florence Marie Meiners, Lillian Lippi, Albert Ferruzzi, Meri Sobek, Annie McGuire, Cecelia De Winter, Catherine Meier, William T. Ellis, Sister Mary Columba, Patrick Victory, Miss Catherine Weber, Miss Clara Schuetter, Miss Cloe Thibert, Frances Boesken, Mrs. F. Paguetre, John Fitzsimmons, Miss Katherine Burke, Asa Seifert, Gertrude Green, William T. Murphy, Sr., Miss Barbara Weis, Mrs. Donovan, Mary Manieux Moran, Marion A. Dillon, Frank Michalka, Cora Marie Miller, Henry Krebs, Walter Stephany, Johnny Nicosia, Eleanor Gayten, Michael Todd, George Clark, Sister Mary Celestine, Sister Mary Elizabeth, Mrs. Vesce, Jeannette H. Boyne, Theresa W. Spencer, Josephine Rose Figliozzi, Mary Curran, Rita Comba, Mary A. Regan, Mary H. Dwyer, Chester Michalski, Florence Phillips, Mr. Glennon, Mrs. Michael Kane, James J. Brady, Francis Reagan, Francis Magee, Thomas W. Daly, James McTague Ploeser, Catherine Bazilska, William S. Jones, John William Newell, John Fitzsimmons, Dolores Gonzalez de Perez, Clara Bucco.

Correspondence *Continued*

voked St. Anthony in my prayers. I promised to have a letter published in THE LAMP if he got my mother well again because she has three small girls and what would they do without her. Within two days she began to get well and with St. Anthony's help she will continue to recover. I am writing this letter so more people might read of this and also find a true friend in him as I have.
A.G. (age 14)

Bike

Dear Father: I promised St. Anthony I would send \$5.00 and a letter to you for possible publication if my son's bicycle was returned.

Exactly 24 hours after the bicycle had disappeared it was returned to us.

As my wife and I were coming out of the Police Station she remarked that it looked like St. Anthony didn't need the money and no sooner did she make the statement when two policemen drove up to the Police Station with our boy's bicycle.
R.M.

Phone Call

Dear Father: Enclosed is a check for \$5.00 for a favor granted to me by St. Anthony.

I waited four days for a very important phone call which I didn't receive until the fourth night an hour after I asked St. Anthony to intercede for me to God. I am very grateful and will always invoke him.

Please publish this in THE LAMP for that was part of my promise to St. Anthony. Thank you.
G.O'B

School Marks

Dear Father: Enclosed please find \$5.00 for a special favor granted to my brother and me by St. Anthony. We promised him a contribution and publication of this letter in THE LAMP. We asked him for good marks on our school report. We both did very well and passed into our next grades. We have often called on St. Anthony when we needed help, especially in our school work, and he has never failed us.
B.T.P.

Baby

Dear Father: As soon as we were sure I was going to have a baby, and we really wanted another child, I started to pray to St. Gerard and St. Anthony. I have a boy 6½ years old and had a difficult time delivering him and everyone said I shouldn't have any more children. But I really and truly wanted another child.

After a few years I was sure I wouldn't have another baby and prayed that I could, and I was so happy when we discovered that I was going to have a baby. As I prayed to St. Gerard and St. Anthony I promised publication in

your magazine and also \$6.00. It isn't much considering what they've done for me. My baby was born on Mother's Day—a 10 lb. baby boy, and we named him Gerard Anthony.

We all love him and my older boy adores him. I tell everyone that if it weren't for St. Gerard and St. Anthony who helped me so much I wouldn't know what to do.

I'll always be grateful to them and our all merciful God. And bless you for having your wonderful magazine THE LAMP.
Mrs. J.F.C.

Promise

Dear Father: Enclosed is \$3.00 for the St. Anthony Bread Fund for the poor. I promised St. Anthony that this time I would ask that my letter be published in THE LAMP if he granted my request. Dear St. Anthony not only obtained my favor but he granted far far more than I asked for and would never have hoped for. I feel that he, for some reason, desired publication for I never before felt the need to promise this.

Many many thanks to St. Anthony for providing a most beautiful wedding for our only daughter. Mr. & Mrs. M.J.C.

Asthma

Dear Father: Enclosed please find \$25.00 for bread for Our Lady's and St. Anthony's poor for a special favor granted. I had been sick in the hospital with chronic asthma and at times I did not think I would ever come home again. I promised the donation and here I am home, not yet relieved altogether but I have great faith in Our Lady and our dear Lord and I know I shall be relieved as soon as it is the will of God.

I also promised to have my letter published in THE LAMP if it is at all possible so that others may see what can be obtained by prayer.
C.M.

Operation Avoided

Dear Father: Please accept the enclosed \$25.00, to use as you wish, in thanksgiving for favors received.

Three weeks ago my 13-year-old brother had a stroke which paralyzed his right side. We were told that an immediate brain operation was necessary.

I began my Rosary and prayed to the Infant Jesus, His Blessed Mother, St. Jude, St. Theresa and St. Anthony. I said the Novena Prayer to St. Jude and promised to spread devotion to him. I also promised publication if my prayers were answered.

My brother did not need the operation, is now home, has regained the use of his right side and is greatly improved.

My everlasting thanks to the Infant Jesus, His Blessed Mother, St. Theresa, St. Jude and St. Anthony.

May God bless you in your wonderful work.
R.M.M.

If you have promised publication and your letter does not appear, do not become upset or worried. You keep your promise once you send us the letter and give us permission to publish it.

A completed Burse of Five Thousand Dollars
insures the education of a Graymoor Friar
and enables him to reach his goal—the Altar

Uncompleted BURSES

Is YOUR PATRON SAINT among those listed below? There is no better way to honor your heavenly namesake than by contributing to the Burse bearing his or her name. It is by means of the Burses that young men are advanced to the Sacred Priesthood in the Graymoor Community.

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR MAY 1958

St. Bernadette: \$4,995.00
Mrs. D.V.Q., N.J., \$1; C.B., N.Y., \$5;
Mrs. C.J.F., Ill., \$1; Mrs. N.B.C., Calif.,
\$1; F.E.H., Mich., \$2.

St. Ann: 4,781.40
Miss K.B.S., O., \$1; Mrs. N.B.C., Calif.,
\$1; F.E.H., Mich., \$2.

St. Anthony: 4,450.31
K.A.M., N.J., \$10; E.R., Nebr., \$1; Mrs.
A.A., O., \$1; E.P.R., Ill., \$2; D.J.B., N.Y.,
\$5; Miss F.F., L.I., \$1; M.S., N.J., \$1; P.P.,
Calif., \$10; Mrs. W.F., Can., \$5; M.S.,
Wis., \$1; J.S., N.Y., \$10; Mrs. G.B., Calif.,
\$1; J.K., Mass., \$1; Mrs. G., N.J., \$10;
Mrs. P.I., Ill., \$10; Mrs. F.C., Ind., \$1;
Mrs. A.Z., N.J., \$6; M.J.G., N.Y., \$5;
Mrs. J.S., R.I., \$10; Mrs. S.M.B., Fla.,
\$25; Mrs. E.H., Pa., \$1; Mrs. J.B., Mich.,
\$1; Mrs. A.M., Conn., \$1; Mr. & Mrs.
H.L., Pa., \$4; Miss K.B.S., O., \$1; Mrs.
G.H., Wash., \$50; Mrs. J.W. & E., N.J.,
\$6; J.K., Mass., \$1; J.G., Calif., \$5;
Lt. E.G., N.Y., \$5; Mrs. J.McL., Mich., \$5;
Mrs. M.L.C., N.Y., \$2; Mr. J.R., N.J., \$5;
Mr. & Mrs. C.L., L.I., \$5; Mrs. G.H.,
Wash., \$1; W.B., N.Y., \$5; C.O.B., N.Y.,
\$5; Mrs. M.L., N.Y., \$10; Mrs. E.D., Pa.,
\$12; Mrs. A.G., O., \$1; Mrs. J.W., N.Y.,
\$1; J.A., Wash., \$5; Mrs. C.McC., N.Y.,
\$10; M.S., Wis., \$1; Mrs. J.T., N.Y., \$1;
E.H., N.Y., \$1; Mrs. A.F., L.I., \$3; Mr.
& Mrs. F.M., N.Y., \$5; Mrs. T.S., N.Y.,
\$5; Mrs. E.D., Can., \$10; Mrs. H.P., L.I.,
\$10; V.D., N.Y., \$2; Mrs. P.B., N.Y., \$2;
Mrs. J.S., Md., \$1; M.A.P., Mass., \$1;
G.S., Calif., \$2; Mrs. R.J., L.I., \$1; A.B.,
N.Y., \$5; F.E.H., Mich., \$2; Mrs. N.B.C.,
Calif., \$1; Mrs. J.G.F., Mass., \$50.

Infant of Prague: 4,394.09
Mrs. K.M.B., N.J., \$1; Mrs. J.H., Ill., \$3;
Mrs. W.L., Can., \$5; J. Family, Pa., \$1;
Miss F.B., O., \$2; Mrs. J.McL., Mich., \$5;
Mrs. V.L., N.J., \$12.24; Miss L.B., N.H.,
\$20; F.E.H., Mich., \$2.

St. Margaret of Scotland: 4,350.98
Rochester Gr., \$300; Verdun Gr., Can.,
\$500.

Little Flower: 4,121.16
Mrs. T.S., N.Y., \$1.

St. Joseph: 4,116.34
Mrs. A.M., N.Y., \$1; C.S., Mich., \$2.

O. L. of the Atonement: 3,829.04
Mr. J.R., N.J., \$5.

St. Jude: 3,724.97
K.V.C., O., \$2; D.A.C., Mass., \$1; Mrs.
H.R., N.J., \$1; Mrs. J.S., Mass., \$2; Mrs.
V.R., Pa., \$1.50; J.S., L.I., \$10; Miss
K.B.S., O., \$1; Miss K.C., Pa., \$1; L.B.,
N.H., \$20; Mrs. H.E., Wis., \$2; Mr. & Mrs.
J.L., N.J., \$2; R.M.H., Wash., \$1; Mr.
& Mrs. J.D., Miss., \$1; J.B., N.Y., \$5;
M.F.B., Mich., \$5; Mrs. J.G.F., Mass.,
\$50; W.H.S., Me., \$5; Miss E.T., Minn.,
\$1; Mrs. N.B.C., Calif., \$1; F.E.H., Mich.,
\$2.

O. L. of Perpetual Help: 3,381.80
Mrs. V.R., Pa., \$1.50; Mrs. E.D., Pa., \$6.

St. Francis Xavier: 3,026.60
Mrs. N.B.C., Calif., \$1.

SS. Peregrin & Dymphna: 2,984.04
Mrs. R.S., N.H., \$2.25; M.E.C., N.Y., \$2;
M.S., Wis., \$1; Mrs. M.M., N.Y., \$1; Mrs.
O.Z., N.Y., \$1; M.S., Wis., \$1.

St. Matthias: 2,464.76

O. L. of Miraculous Medal: 2,354.95
E.R., Nebr., \$2; Mrs. M.L.C., N.Y., \$1.50.

Bl. Martin de Porres: 2,330.82
Mrs. P.I., Ill., \$10; J.B., N.Y., \$1; Mrs.
J.McL., Mich., \$5.

Sacred Shoulder: 2,274.95

O. L. of Lourdes: 2,149.55

St. Lawrence: 2,104.00

SS. Michael & Honora: 2,007.50

St. Rita: 1,777.25

St. Raphael: 1,416.66
Anon., Pa., \$10.

Fr. Drumgoole: 1,157.10
W.A.N., N.J., \$5.

All Saints: 1,147.37
Mrs. J.W., N.Y., \$5; Mrs. B.C., Calif., \$1.

O. L. of Fatima: 1,137.50

Hope: 1,122.05

St. Patrick: 979.03
Mrs. N.B.C., Calif., \$1.

Holy Spirit: 970.25

Immaculate Conception: 967.45
Mrs. G.H., Wash., \$50.

Brother Jude: 943.20
J.A.L.E., Del., \$5.

Fr. Paul: 935.19
M.M., N.Y., \$1.

St. John Baptist: 911.85

Holy Souls: 779.20

St. Michael: 745.50

Blessed Sacrament: 734.08
D.A.A., Ill., \$2.

Fr. Baker: 717.35

Holy Face: 701.05

St. Frances Cabrini: 666.03
M.S., Wis., \$1; J.B., N.Y., \$1.

Our Sorrowful Mother: 636.32
Mrs. N.B.C., Calif., \$1.

Brother Barnabas: 616.00

Precious Blood: 569.00

St. Margaret Mary: 557.55

St. Francis of Assisi: 534.89
M.S., Wis., \$1.

St. Christopher: 498.90

O. L. of Prompt Succor: 487.60

Brother Philip: 461.60

St. Gerard Majella: 453.93
Mrs. G.B., Ariz., \$3; M.J., L.I., \$1.

Five Holy Wounds: 436.10
Mrs. B.L.B., Calif., \$5.

St. Philomena: 407.00
M.S., Wis., \$1; J.W., Ill., \$50; Miss
M.McM., N.Y., \$2; M.S., Wis., \$1; Mrs.
J.T., N.Y., \$1; Miss R.V.M., Mass., \$2.

Holy Family: 405.00
M.J.G., N.Y., \$5.

Mother Lurana: 376.65
Miss A.M., Md., \$1.

St. Maria Goretti: 357.00
J.F., Pa., \$10.

St. Eugene: 351.59

St. John the Apostle: 294.06

O. L. of the Rosary: 273.25
M.S., N.J., \$1.

St. Bridget of Ireland: 252.20
Mrs. N.B.C., Calif., \$1.

Sacred Heart: 211.63
E.R., Nebr., \$2; Mrs. T.F., N.J., \$5; Mrs.
M.L.C., N.Y., \$1.50; Mr. J.R., N.J., \$5;
Mrs. N.B.C., Calif., \$1.

St. Vincent: 211.50
L.F., N.Y., \$4.50.

St. Mary Magdalene: 198.50

Brother Andre: 168.00

Venerable Catherine Tekawitha: 167.75

Sacred Head: 160.45
Mrs. H.R., N.Y., \$5.

Most Holy Trinity: 132.20

Brother Anthony: 123.60

Pope Pius XI: 104.60

SS. Adam & Eve: 104.00

St. Clare: 91.20

O. L. of Victory: 88.50

St. Paul: 82.70

St. Teresa: 68.60

St. Blase: 60.25

Brother Ignatius: 60.00

St. George: 48.50
L.F., N.Y., \$4.50; G.H., Ill., \$1.

St. Cyril of Jerusalem: 46.00
Miss A.M., Md., \$1.

O. L. of La Leche: 38.50
J.B., N.Y., \$1.

Fr. Flanagan: 34.00

St. Luke: 28.00

O. L. of Faith: 25.00

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favorite Saint**



SUPPORT A GRAYMOOR BURSE

One Faith-One Lord

June 30—July 9. May we invite you to take part with us in the solemn novena of Our Lady of the Atonement in preparation for her feast day on July 9. Novena devotions begin on the feast of the Commemoration of St. Paul, June 30. If you wish a novena leaflet write to the Central Office, Chair of Unity Apostolate, Graymoor, Garrison, N. Y. It will be sent to you without charge. The Friars and Sisters of the Atonement have a special devotion to the Mother of God under the Atonement title and wish to promote it among the faithful.

The Sacred Heart and Unity. The feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus falls on June 13 this year and the month of June has been chosen as a period of special devotion to the Divine Heart by the Church. With the Church we pray: "O God, Who in the Heart of Thy Son, wounded by our Sins, dost mercifully vouchsafe to bestow on us the treasures of Thy love: grant, we beseech Thee, that we who now render Him the service of our devotion and piety, may also fulfill our duty of worthy reparation." (Oration for feast day).

In an editorial in *THE LAMP* some years ago Father Paul wrote of the Sacred Heart and Christian Unity. "June is the month of the Sacred Heart and devotion to the Sacred Heart implies devotion to the interests and desires of the Sacred Heart. To love what He loves and to desire what He desires should constitute the ruling passion of every Catholic soul that is devoted to the most Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ.

"There is a twofold desire of the Sacred Heart, which has persevered through the centuries ever since that awful night of His betrayal in which Our Lord prayed that His disciples might be one, to the end that the world might believe that the Father had sent Him to be its Redeemer and Saviour.

"Not only has this twofold desire of Our Lord for Unity and the conversion of the world continued like a current of a deep and mighty river down the course of the ages, but, if that were possible, we believe it to be more intense now than ever before."

Father Faber and the Pope. The founder of the Brompton Oratory in London, contemporary of Cardinal Newman, and famous convert to the

Church, Fr. Frederick Faber was known for his deep personal love for the Holy Father. In 1860 the Forty Hours devotion in the Oratorian church was for the needs of the Sovereign Pontiff and Fr. Faber preached a sermon on "Devotion to the Pope." It was quickly printed and translated into French and Italian. "It is a day," he said, when God looks for open profession of our faith, for unbashful proclamations of our allegiance. It is a day also when the sense of our outward helplessness casts us more than ever upon the duty of inward prayer. This is the other duty. The open profession is of little worth without the inward prayer; but I think the inward prayer is almost of less worth without the outward expression."

In 1861 Fr. Faber founded the Association of St. Peter whose purpose was to offer prayers for the Holy Father. For he "taught men to regard the Pope as their Father, and not as their King only; he could not bear to hear of the rights, or privileges, or customs in any local church unless they had been allowed by the Holy See: for his obedience was a loyal love, that knew no questioning in the presence of a Father whose rights he would never measure."

Of those outside the fold, particularly those of the Anglican communion, of which he had once been a member, he had this to say: "Children are fond of *playing at funerals*. . . but to see grown-up children, book in hand, *playing at mass*, putting ornament before truth, suffocating the inward by the outward, bewildering the poor instead of leading them, revelling in Catholic sentiments instead of offering the acceptable sacrifice of hardship and austerity; this is a fearful, indeed a sickening development of the peculiar iniquity of the times, a master-piece of Satan's craft. This is not the way to become Catholic: again, it is only a *profaner kind of Protestantism than any other we have seen hitherto*."

St. Pius X and Our Lady. The great Pope of our century was noted for his devotion to the Mother of God. Thus when a Eucharistic Congress was celebrated at Lourdes in July 22-6, 1914, he wrote: "Never has Mary ceased to show that motherly love which till her last breath she poured forth so fully upon the Bride that her Divine Son



purchased with His Precious Blood. It might indeed be said that her sole work was to care for the Christian people, to lead all minds to the love of Jesus and zeal in His service. May the Divine Author and Preserver of the Church look upon that noble part of His flock, which is afflicted today by so many calamities; may He stimulate the generous virtue and willingness of the good, and pouring out the fire of His love, revive the half-dead faith of those who now barely retain the name of Christian. This, in our fatherly love for the French people, we most earnestly ask of God through the Immaculate Virgin."

Bishop Gad Consecrated. Last November the Most Rev. George Calavassy, Exarch of Athens, died in Zurich, Switzerland. His successor appointed by the Holy See, is the Most Rev. Hyacinth Gad, titular bishop of Gratianopolis and Apostolic Exarch of the Catholics of the Byzantine rite living in Greece.

Bishop Gad was born in Syria in 1912 and became a member of the Byzantine rite after completing his elementary schooling. Upon finishing his secondary education he studied at the Greek Pontifical College in Rome where he was ordained. After returning to Greece he was active in Catholic Action work and became director of the Athens Catholic weekly, *Katholiki*. He is the author of several books and pamphlets.

The new Exarch's appointment and consecration was carried out despite a request last December from the faculty of the University of Athens that the See be left vacant because the existence of Catholics in communion with Rome, so they said, was a source of irritation between the Orthodox and the Catholics since the sixteenth century.

When the Communists in Rumania called the Bishop

to the capital to discuss the "Catholic situation"

they fooled no one, least of all Msgr. I. Hossu

And Now There Are Three

by J. J. HANLIN

IN October, 1948, when the Communists in Bucharest summoned the Rumanian Catholic bishop of the Byzantine Rite, Msgr. Iuliu Hossu, to the capital in order "to discuss the Catholic situation" they did not fool anyone to speak of. It is especially true that they did not fool the bishop. The dignitary was a clever man.

"The Communists never discuss anything with those they have in their power," he warned the priests of his diocese. "It is likely that this is the last you will see of me."

But certainly the bishop's feelings when he boarded the train that morning with his vicar, Father Ioan Cherterez, must still have been mixed with hope, of quivering apprehension along with his fear. The situation of the Rumanian Byzantine Catholics, and Catholics in general, was grim. But possibly now the Communists believed they were so powerful that they could let up on the religious persecution.

They had been in possession of the government for three years now, ever since their "coalition" had come into power with the usual trick, a non-Communist leading it. In 1946 they had obtained "an overwhelming" election victory which the West denounced as fraudulent. But the men who were "elected" stayed on when the United States and Britain made no move to right the situation. Then, a year later, the king abdicated and Rumania became a "people's republic."

NO doubt, as the train whistled its way south, Bishop Hossu reviewed the blows the Church had suffered during this fantastic and almost totally ignored takeover of his country. In 1946 the Ministry of Religion decreed that it would henceforth nominate the persons authorized to conduct religious services. At the same time a violent attack was

launched on the Holy Father and the Papal Nuncio had to be recalled.

Then a few months previously the Concordat with the Vatican was denounced and a law passed providing for the taking over of all schools by the government. Religious instruction was abolished and all youths from 15 to 21 were incorporated in the Communist Youth Union. A new ecclesiastical law was laid down that only those churches recognized by the State should be allowed to function and they should have no ties abroad. Before this, the Rumanian Catholic Church of the Byzantine Rite, with close to 1,500,000 members, had been recognized along with the overwhelming Rumanian Orthodox Church which numbered close to 10 million.

THE Communist officials and Rumanian Orthodox clergymen met the bishop at the station and were all smiles. Before the discussions all were to have dinner together. But, the bishop had already learned about "dinners" in police states, just as other patriotic Rumanian officials in the government knew about "cocktail" parties. Police states use both dinners and cocktail parties to break down resistance through the aid of drugs. The bishop, no doubt, was fighting out of his mind the frightening question as to whether or not he could take their "dinner."

As it turned out, just as the bishop had supposed, the Communists were not interested in discussing anything. Even after the bishop and his vicar were arrested and taken to the Ministry of the Interior, it was not a "discussion period" which followed. But that of constant questioning. Meanwhile there began the most extensive roundup of other Rumanian Catholic dignitaries the Church has suffered behind the Iron Curtain.

Fortunately, the priests of the diocese of Cluj,



A Rumanian church that has been turned into a grain elevator.

forewarned by their wary bishop, escaped this first roundup almost to the man. They fled to the woods in the neighborhood of their churches or went underground among their flocks who lived in small villages. Many were eventually arrested, but it is likely that even today, 10 years later, there are many priests from the diocese of Cluj who are "missing."

REINFORCED by secret Communist police, the government police dragged a fine-toothed comb through the entire country. All police leaves and days off were cancelled. An exhaustive check of the homes of devout Catholics was made. The entire nation seemed to shift from stability to instability in the twinkling of an eye. What did the regular police think when they were forced to arrest bishops and priests?

And what was the object of all this? It was not to imprison them for a prolonged period, but to get these Church dignitaries and priests to apostatize and embrace the Orthodox Church. To accomplish this the Communists did not use iron boots, pincers, claws, hooks, gouges, clamps or wedges of torturers of the past. But they did use bright lights, constant questioning, and the inevitable drugs.

AFTER days of constant pressure, the Communists then exposed the priests to the soothing syrup of a "Patriarchal Committee" for a new attack. All the members of this committee are not known, but one of them was Valerian Zaharia, who has since become an Orthodox bishop.

"Why are you so stubborn?" the committeemen asked Bishop Hossu.

"I am afraid it is no use to go into this matter again. I am a Catholic bishop."

"And I am afraid you are going to have to," the leader told him.

There was a long silence, but now suddenly another man spoke for the first time. "Your Excellency, please—" he said. "Listen to us. Talk to us."

"There is nothing to talk about," he said in a flat, toneless voice.

"No, your Excellency, no, you're wrong." Coming close to the bishop, he looked down into his face. "There is something to talk about. There's everything. That's what we've been trying to show you. If you do not cooperate with the regime, you will be tried in a court. All you have to do is say you are Orthodox. After Rumania is again liberated you can return to the Catholic Faith. It is not only for your sake that we ask this. We are thinking of ourselves, too."

THE bishop looked up at him without speaking and then started to turn away. But the man put a hand on the bishop's arm. "If there is no cooperation, we will have an atheist regime in Rumania. If you do, the state will continue to support clergymen. We will receive high salaries from the Ministry of Culture. You will be able to remain at the head of your diocese. Nothing will be changed except that you must break with the Vatican. The Communists promise no interference—"

"Stop," Bishop Hossu murmured, almost gently. "I do not want to hear about it. The Communists promised me I was to come to Bucharest only to discuss the Catholic situation. They said nothing about this matter. All I ask is to be let alone. But kill, torture me, and I am still a Catholic bishop."

"Your Excellency," the man went on, "we've got something further to tell you. Something I guess you would expect."

The man was smiling now, a smile strained with effort and cunning.

"We have," he went on, "telegrams from priests all over Rumania who are willing to follow the government's request. Not only that, mass conversions to the Orthodox Faith are occurring everywhere!"

From a folder he removed a sheaf of telegrams specially prepared by the secret police to further the ruse. He handed them to the bishop.

"This is a trick," the bishop told them. "My priests are in hiding. I warned them that if I did not return they should go underground."

As a result, Bishop Hossu and 35 other clergymen were transferred from the Ministry of Interior prison in Bucharest to the Neamtul Monastery in Northern Moldavia.

This "monastery" had actually been converted into a concentration camp and was a favorite place to send priests in "expiation of their crimes," ranging from denouncing Communism in the pulpit to refusing to accept the Orthodox Faith. Only the Devil himself could have designed such hellish discomforts for his prisoners as those that abounded in this



Rumania is not forgotten. His Excellency, Bishop Nicholas T. Elko, of the Pittsburgh Greek Catholic diocese, preaches a sermon which will later be beamed by Radio Free Europe to Greek Catholics in the Carpathian Mountains.

isolated sector of Rumania near what is now Soviet territory. The jailers, special troops of the Securitate, were actually secret police.

The prisoners spent their days working at hard labor and their nights locked in fetid cells. For those who rebelled there were even more solitary cells with even poorer food, pits whose only opening was an iron grille. The idea in back of it was that few would survive. All Catholic ceremonies were banned, but the priests were invited to attend an Orthodox Mass on Sunday. They all refused to do this.

During their stay at the Neamtul Monastery the priests were occasionally (Cont. on page 18)

Rumanian Orthodox priests being paraded through town to show their "cooperation" with the regime.



The Mother

by RUTH OSWALD



THE General Hospital stood on a strategic spot during the French and Indian War, on Pointe-a-Callieres, outside the protective walls of Montreal and close to the bank of the St. Lawrence River. The huge greystone building looked like a fortress to the enemy approaching the city from up or down the river, or surveying it from across the southern bank of the St. Lawrence.

Yet even the enemies of New France learned that it was instead a house of mercy and of charity. Race, color and national origin vanished on its threshold, under the wise direction of Mother Marguerite de la Jammerais d'Youville, foundress of the Grey Nuns of Canada.

While warfare raged about them the Sisters nursed the sick and the wounded of all sides, whether they were French, Indian, or English. They took in orphans, fed the hungry and hid the hunted until means of escape could be planned for them.

THE heart of Mother Marguerite was particularly touched by the plight of abandoned English soldiers. She had two sons of her own, both priests, and could not fail any other mother's son who stood in need of her assistance. When they found themselves unable to get by the bristling sentries at the border many a British fugitive sought refuge at the Hospital

of Universal Charity

of the Grey Nuns. Mother d'Youville took them in and hid them in the vaults under the chapel where neither French nor Indians ever thought of looking.

SHE allowed no one but herself to serve the refugees lest any of her spiritual daughters should get into trouble with the civil authorities if their secrets were ever discovered. If caught she would shoulder all the blame, just as she shouldered every sacrifice.

If anyone had told the British fugitives that the nun who came to them at midnight with food and water, together with a plan for escape, should one day be canonized a saint, they would declare that she was already a saint. Many a man gasped at the spiritual beauty in her face in the glow of the candle which she carried into the darkness of their hiding place.

Mother Marguerite chose a novel means of disguise for her refugees, one which not only got them out of the hospital but through the streets without questioning. She wrapped her soldiers in the big gray capes and hoods that the Sisters wore in winter. It was a perfect disguise and saved many a life.

THE news which has been recently received at the Sisters of Charity of Montreal, which informs that two cures attributed to the intercession of Venerable Mother d'Youville have been declared miraculous in Rome, once again focuses the attention of the world, and of North Americans in particular, on this remarkable French-Canadian woman who serves as the patroness of single women, of wives, mothers, widows and of nuns, for she was all of these during various times in her life.

It is believed that Mother d'Youville will be beatified during this year following the latest conclusion concerning her sanctity. Her cause was begun

in 1849 at Montreal and in 1890 she became known as "Venerable." In 1955 Pope Pius XII gave her the title, "Mother of Universal Charity."

Mother d'Youville was the foundress of the first American religious congregation for women. She founded the Sisters of Charity of Montreal in 1738. Due to their dress they are frequently called "The Grey Nuns." The congregation has now grown to the number of 8,000 members.

The original congregation has been divided several times, with the result that today there are the Grey Nuns of the Cross, Grey Nuns of the Immaculate Conception, Grey Nuns of Quebec, Grey Nuns of the Hotel Dieu of St. Hyacinth, Quebec, and the Grey Nuns of the Sacred Heart.

THE books of James Oliver Curwood, the famous novelist, have chronicled many a thrilling tale of Old Quebec, but no one of them can surpass the real life story of Marie-Margaret Dufrost de Lajammercus, who was born on October 15, 1701, and who later married the handsome young Monsieur Francois Magdalen d'Youville.

Marguerite was seven when her father died, leaving her mother in serious financial difficulties. With the help of friends Marguerite received two years of schooling in the Ursuline Convent School in Quebec, after which time she helped her mother to bring up her younger brothers and sisters. She grew into a beautiful girl and had many suitors, but unfortunately married the worst one of them all. Francois was handsome and wealthy, but he was also an inveterate gambler and anything but a family man. To make matters worse Marguerite had to live in the house with her mother-in-law, who lost no opportunity to make her life more miserable than it was.

Conditions grew even worse for Marguerite after her mother-in-law died, for (Cont. on page 20)

Years ago in old Quebec many an abandoned English
soldier was saved from the French and Indians through
Mother Marguerite d'Youville's sympathy and charity

He Found Peace

by JOSEPH F. GAGEN

ON the twenty-third day of May in 1939 a man knelt in the Baptistry of St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York to be washed by the saving waters of Baptism. A newspaperman, he was given the name Matthew in honor of the Evangelist who wrote the first Gospel. That same day he received his first Communion in St. Patrick's Cathedral, and later had the honor of being the first person confirmed by the new Archbishop of New York, Archbishop (now Cardinal) Francis Spellman.

He was Heywood Broun, one of the most renowned journalists of his day, a verbal warrior who sought only peace, a friendly extrovert quickly roused to implacable fury by any injustice to his fellow-man. Yet there was more to him than what one of his associates termed "his apparent naïf exhibitionism." Broun was huge, disheveled like an amiable bear with kind brown eyes and a deep-voiced Southern drawl. He was tolerant, lazy, and tardy. Blessed with an exceptional wit, he had the happy ability to mix with all people. Beneath the exterior, though, there was a perplexed, sensitive, seeking human being. The famous Christopher Morley, one of Broun's close associates, spoke of him as "a kind of mediaeval figure, a strolling friar, who took his simplicity and kindness out into a sophisticated world and was everywhere beloved for his drollery and devotion, his generosity, and his hatred of oppression."

SUCH was the nature of the man who sought the truth—a person, who, suspecting that peace involved his soul, tried a psychoanalyst. But on whose couch he found only physical exhaustion. Heywood Broun had known a popularity which comes to few journalists. He first went to work in the sports department of the *New York Morning Telegraph*. In 1912 he went to the *Tribune* where he began his famous column, "It Seem to Me," written in an informal, humorous, and pleasantly critical style. Later Broun served on the staffs of both the *World-Telegram* and the *Post*. In 1921 he produced and acted in his own musical comedy, *Shoot the Works*. In addition, he lectured in various universities and founded the *American Newspaper Guild* of which he was president until his death.

Nevertheless, despite his fame, the influential friends surrounding him, and the glitter of the world in which he lived, Heywood Broun was still not at peace. There was a continual yearning for peace

inside him which demanded fulfillment. Having abandoned the philosophy that peace resides in what we possess, he finally came to the conclusion "that peace was inseparable from moral responsibility." Convinced that peace involved justice not only to his fellow man, but also to his Creator, Broun sought the consolation of Religion.

He went to see Monsignor (now Bishop) Fulton J. Sheen. Why Broun chose Monsignor Sheen is unknown; perhaps because of the priest's well-known work of instructing future converts. In their first conversation Heywood Broun gave reasons why he thought the Church would not want him and also reasons why he wanted to become a member.

HIS first fears were that the Church might reject him: "The Church might not want me on account of my presumed radicalism. I have been associated with radical movements, but I have never been a Communist and never will be a Communist. I think I have too much intelligence to be one. I was once approached by one of the leaders of the Communist Party of the United States, who asked me to become the editor of a labor paper. This Communist promised to supply the funds, but told me that the editorship of the paper would be in my hands.

"I rejected the offer because I knew that if the Communists supplied the funds, they would also want to supply the ideas, and I could not agree to that.

"If I do go into the Church I may be accused of wanting to cover up my 'pinkness,' or my alleged radicalism. But this I believe will be counterbalanced by those who will accuse me of joining the Church to undermine it from within. I have therefore decided to ignore public opinion on that score.

"A second reason why the Church might not want me, is because I have very often in the past been a strong defender of birth control. But that belongs to the past. I would no longer do it, for I have begun to see a spiritual significance to birth."

Enumerating the reasons why he sought admittance into the Church he offered these four, only one upon which he elaborated:

"Firstly, a visit which I made to the shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe in Mexico brought home to me the great inspiration for womanhood there is in the devotion to Our Lady.

"Secondly, the election of Cardinal Pacelli as

Heywood Broun, the newspaperman and columnist, feared that the Church would have to reject him

Pius XII convinced me that there is only one moral authority left in the world and that is the Papacy.

"Thirdly, a fear of death. I should dislike to appear before the judgment seat of God with my soul in the condition that I believe it is now. Since we live in a moral universe, God cannot be indifferent to those things that we do or leave undone. I believe that He has provided means by which we avail ourselves in this world of His pardon and do penance, and principal among those means is absolution, which I believe is to be found in the Church."

THIS fourth reason he developed the most: "To me there is nothing more ridiculous than individualism in either economics, politics, or religion. I can see no reason why I should have my own individual religion any more than I should have my own individual astronomy or mathematics. I cannot even see why Almighty God would be interested in my individual prayer or even my individual sacrifice, for to care for me apart from my fellow man is to offend against an elementary law of charity. I love my fellow man, and particularly the down and out, the socially disinherited, and the economically dispossessed. That is why I am interested in trade unionism and collective bargaining.

"I want thus a religion which has a social aspect. If, therefore, I could take this individual prayer of mine and make it one with the prayer of millions of others who believed and prayed as I do; and if I could take this individual sacrifice of mine and tie it up with the sacrifice of millions of others, so as to form a great corporate prayer and corporate sacrifice and thus to influence those who are on the fringe of that corporation, then would I feel that my individual prayer and sacrifice was pleasing to God. That spiritual corporation I believe to be the Catholic Church."

After this meeting there followed a period of two and a half months during which Broun was instructed in the doctrines of the Church.

AT THE NEXT to the last instruction Monsignor Sheen reminded him of the seriousness of the step which he was about to take. "I told him that it would be far better for him not to come into the Church, than to come into it and not live up to the treasures confided to him. I reminded him that one of the men who was doing the most harm in the



Courtesy of New York World Telegram & Sun

modern world was Hitler, who had been given the supernatural life but neglected to live according to its principles. When a foreign substance enters a stomach and is unassimilated to the physical life, the stomach revolts. So, too, when a man refuses to assimilate the supernatural life which is given to his soul, he becomes the worse for its reception."

SENSING the point that the priest was trying to put across, Broun arose from his seat, put his arm about him and said:

"Father, you're worried. You will never regret receiving me into the Church. I promise you that."

The following week, when asked if he had any doubts, difficulties, or questions, Broun replied, "Just one thing." Then getting on his knees before Monsignor Sheen he said: "Your blessing."

A few days later Heywood Broun was received into the Catholic Church. He was made a member or Christ; he became a partaker of the riches given through the Church by Christ.

A short time after his reception into the Church Monsignor Sheen asked him how he felt about it. Broun mentioned three reactions.

"The first," he said, "was great peace of soul and a feeling of being home at last; the second, a realization that much liberalism was extremely illiberal. Some of my friends who were loudest in shouting for freedom were also loudest in protesting against me because I acted freely. I discovered that freedom for them meant to think as they did."

Thirdly, "It has dawned upon (Cont. on page 30)

I REMEMBER *Padre*



*"What you have done," he said
very gently but firmly to my
scared-eyed sister, "is very wrong."*

Wisinski

HE WAS an Americano and we did not want him to become our new pastor. Ours was a Mexican-American town and Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe was the one church. When the Americanos started infiltrating, they came to *our* church and listened to the word of God in *our* language.

At last the one church was bursting at the seams, so the Bishop ordered the building of Saint Bartholomew's on the fringe. Those of us who had English and lived closed were to transfer to the new parish. The others were to continue at Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe.

Out of curiosity that first Sunday many of us went to take a look at the new Padre. He was a big man, with grey eyes, greying hair and a deceptively cherubic face. His name was Thomas McMullen and, of course, we called him "Padre." What else was there to call a parish priest? After that we did not go any more to the new church. All of a sudden none of us had any English at all. He must have known that he was not wanted by us and it must have hurt him to know.

When it was time for catechism to start, Padre Rodriguez, our Mexican pastor, separated the wheat from the chaff. Those who lived near Saint Bartholomew's and could talk "gringo" were the chaff and away we blew, my sisters, my brothers and I, to Padre McMullen.

I was afraid of the Americano. I still do not know why, because he tried very hard to win us to him; and he always patted my head kindly and smiled at me.

HOWEVER, if we whispered or giggled at Mass, Padre McMullen's grey eyes would search out even the Mexican children whom he so wanted to like him. "If you children have finished," he would say from the altar, "I will continue with the Mass."

Then all the eyes in the church would roll at us, blue, green, brown, black and amber. In the old parish the Mamas had handled the bad *muchachos*. Here Padre McMullen, with his dove-grey eyes and calm voice, laid a hush upon us.

Muchachos—children

I was afraid not to know my catechism, although never did Padre McMullen hold an idiot-child up to ridicule. It was just his way of looking with that soft, grey, all-the-way-through look.

At confessions, if something was withheld, he seemed to know; and there would be a poignant silence until what was hidden came forth. Once I remember saying:

"I never say my morning prayers, Padre."

"Why not?"

"Because if I did I would be late for school," I explained reasonably.

"Do you eat breakfast?" he asked.

"Of course, Padre."

"If you have time to feed your body you have time to feed your soul," he stated. "It is not good for a man to starve his own soul."

After that I fed my soul its prayers. For it to go hungering was more than I could bear.

MY FATHER did not earn much money. So it was that the five and ten-cent store was a fabulous treasure house for us. I was not with my sister Elena, when the devil stood beside her, but I can understand how it was. The little sewing kit was beautiful beyond description. It had tiny gold scissors, a gold thimble, pins, needles and tiny spools of colored thread in fascinating rows. Elena had no money. She knew she would never have the money with so much for my father to buy like food and shoes for us. When the salesgirl was not looking, Elena's little hand dipped quickly into the counter and the little sewing kit disappeared into the folds of her coat.

When Elena came home she hid the kit, only daring to look at it when no one was around. She could not use it, you understand. She could not trust any of us not to tell Mama that she had it. She could only look at her stolen treasure like a bank robber who dares not spend the money he has stolen.

From a good Mexican mother nothing remains secret. When Mama cleaned the dresser drawers she found the kit under Elena's slips and panties, way at the bottom.

When we came home from school Mama was waiting with the sewing kit. "Where did you get this?" Mama asked. (Continued on page 22)

The new Padre was a big man with grey eyes and a cherubic

face. Because he was an Americano we were afraid of him

even though he tried very hard to win us with his kindness

Graymoor Annals

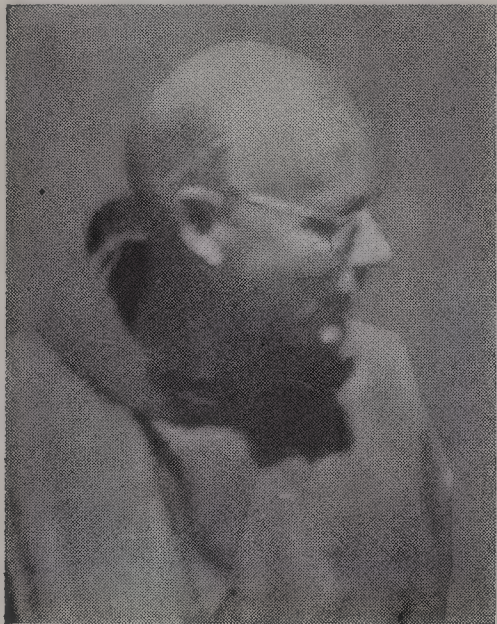
SILVER JUBILEE

MAY WE ASK ALL OF YOU, our readers, to join with us in prayerful good wishes to Father Nathaniel Madden, S.A. This St. Anthony's Day, June 13, Father Nathaniel celebrates the twenty fifth anniversary of his ordination to the Atonement priesthood. At present he is stationed in St. Anthony's Church, Hereford, Texas. He has labored for quite some time on our missions in North Carolina and Texas.

Born in La Grange, Ill., Father Nathaniel attended school there, later taking up the study of law at De Paul University from which he graduated in 1923. Two years later he came to Graymoor and, after completing his novitiate in 1927 he went to the Catholic University in Washington, D.C. for Philosophy and Theology. He was ordained at the Shrine of the Immaculate Conception in Washington by the late Archbishop Curley.

Fr. Nathaniel was Novice Master at Graymoor, taking care of both the clerics and the brothers in St. Joseph's Novitiate, from the time of his ordination until 1935. That year he was appointed Pastor of St. Anthony's Church in Texas. At the Chapter of 1943 he was elected Definitor General. In addition to his many duties in administration at Graymoor he has served also as Rector and Guardian of the Atonement Seminary of the Holy Ghost in Washington, D.C.

May we ask you also to remember in your prayers the souls of Fr. Augustine Walsh, S.A. and Fr. Patrick McCarthy, S.A. who were ordained with him on that St. Anthony day, 25 years



Fr. Nathaniel Madden, S.A.

ago. Fr. Augustine was killed in an airplane crash while he was en route to a mission. Fr. Patrick died some years ago.

FIFTH YEAR

AN APOSTOLIC CONSTITUTION is a document by which the Holy Father makes and formally proclaims a law. Some time ago in the Apostolic Constitution, *Sedes Sapientiae*, sent to the heads of all Religious Institutes of priests, Pope Pius XII ordered that a special one year course covering the problems of ministry be given to all the newly ordained. In accordance with this law we have established a fifth year of Theology in Pastoral Theory and Practice at Montour Falls under the Supervision of the General Definitorium and the Commission on Studies.

The course, to extend from September to June, will provide for a minimum of 180 days of formal classes. There will be one hour a day of formal class for five days a week, actual pastoral practice, supervised by the Father Director, as well as field trips for specialized instruction.

The faculty consists of Fr. Alphonsus Hoban, S.A., Fr. Thomas Condon, S.A., present Guardian at Montour Falls, and Fr. DeSales Standerwick, S.A. In addition, local Pastors, Chaplains, Doctors and Psychiatrists will serve as consultants and special lecturers.

THE DIRECTOR, Fr. Alphonsus Hoban, S.A. is eminently well qualified for this important work. A native of Massachusetts, he was ordained in February 1938. Except during the past two years when he was teaching at St. John's Atonement Seminary in Montour Falls, N. Y., most of his priestly life has been spent in the mission fields, with some time out during World War II as an Army Chaplain. He labored among the Japanese in Vancouver, and Greenwood, B.C., until 1948 when he was chosen to head the first group of Graymoor Fathers to depart for the foreign mission field. It was he who went to Japan first to make arrangements for the missionaries and to act as our first Regional Superior there. Father Alphonsus' maturity of judgment and his long experience in parochial and missionary work will be of great value in the extended training of our newly ordained priests.



INCIDENTALLY THE FIRST MEMBERS of the Fifth Year will be Fra. Kevin McMorrow, S.A., and Fr. Adrian Ramanauskas who will be ordained this month.

EXCAVATION

THE EXCAVATION at Graymoor is proceeding apace under Father Bonaventure's direction. Father Normand is doing the drilling and Brother Gregory is keeping the trucks moving.

Meanwhile, old St. John's is being stripped. Offices and work shops are being moved elsewhere. The kitchen is still intact and the community refectory has not been touched but the linoleum has been removed from the Guest room and the Curia refectory to be relaid down at the Farm where the postulants will live.

The barn has been converted to a storehouse for our food and canned goods. The piggery is still going strong. We have about 35 pigs. We also have between 400-500 chickens.

Within the next month or so the postulants will leave St. John's and the demolition of the building will begin. It shouldn't take very long to bring it down—it has been ready to fall of its own accord for years—but we'll all be sorry to see it go.

SCHOOLS

PLEASE SAY A FEW PRAYERS during the next few days for our seminarians at Montour, Saranac, and Washington who will be taking their final examinations. As we mentioned above, two of our friars, Frs. Kevin and Adrian will be ordained to the priesthood by

Bishop McNamara on June 7 at the Shrine of the Immaculate Conception in Washington, D.C.

AVE MARIA HOUR ON TAPE

IN THESE DAYS when our young people are spiritually suffocating from the abundance of programs dramatizing murder, robbery, deceit and disloyalty, there is satisfaction in knowing that the children in many of our Catholic schools are hearing the worthwhile lives of real heroes, God's saints.

For the past 23 years, the Ave Maria Hour has played an important part in American religious broadcasting. Millions of Americans, Catholic and non-Catholic, hear it every week in their homes or on their car radios. Each dramatization strives to increase the knowledge of God's saints and to inspire many to follow their example.

DURING THE PAST several years the Ave Maria Hour has enlarged its audience to include the students in our Catholic schools. Through the means to tape recordings, numerous programs are offered to our schools for classroom use. They can be played as part of the religion or history class, or at school assemblies, thus enabling boys and girls who might miss the program at home to hear it every week.

Tape recordings are rapidly becoming standard equipment in any modern school. They are economical to use because they can be played over and over again without getting the scratchy surface of an ordinary record. A program can also be put on tape easily, and without expensive equipment.

When the Graymoor Friars first decided to put the tape recorder to the service of Catholic Action, a few programs were offered to schools on an experimental basis. The response of our Catholic teachers was most gratifying. In the past two years, almost two hundred schools in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and Hawaii have ordered tape recordings of the programs.

AT PRESENT, numerous half-hour programs are available. Each comes in a special box for easy return mailing. A series of 25 tape recordings of the Public Life of Christ has proven to be most popular. Frequently, the three copies that we have of each program are insufficient to satisfy the demand. As one priest wrote: "Your programs are popular because they make Christ live in the mind of every listener." The scripts for this series are based on the famous book of Archbishop Goodier, and are notable for

their dramatic narration of the inspiring doctrines of Our Divine Saviour.

That the programs make a deep impression upon the students has been witnessed by many teachers. Whatever difficulty there may be to assembling the programs and preparing them for mailing is made very worthwhile by the inspiring letters from teachers praising the recordings for answering a real need in Catholic education. A priest busy with the religious instruction of public school youngsters writes that "the Life of Christ series is exactly what I have been looking for. We have been using a textbook during our classes and your excellent recordings will really make the Life of Christ a stirring reality for these young people."

One Sister gave us an indirect but very pleasant compliment when she wrote: "We want to apologize for re-



Fr. Alphonsus Hoban, S.A.

turning the two tape recordings so late. They were in such great demand for our religion classes that we pressed the two week period to its limit."

AMONG THE FORTY PROGRAMS of the Lives of the Saints, some have naturally proven to be more popular than others with the boys and girls. Two outstanding favorites that never stay on our shelves very long are the stories of St. John Bosco and his saintly pupil, Dominic Savio.

Other favorites would include the saintly French parish priest, the Cure of Ars, and Blessed Martin De Porres, the Negro Dominican lay brother who labored among the poor of South America several centuries ago. Two other recent programs that have been highly praised and would seem destined for wide circulation are "Maria Goretti", the 12 year old Italian girl

who died in defense of purity, and "Matt Talbot", the alcoholic who reformed his life and did such wondrous penances.

The headquarters of our tape recording apostolate is at our preparatory seminary in central New York. Any teacher may receive a complete listing of our programs by writing to "Ave Maria Hour Tape Recordings, Montour Falls, New York."

CORRESPONDENCE COURSE

FROM OUR LADY of the Atonement Novitiate at Valley Falls, R.I. Fr. Cuthbert Micali, S.A., writes to tell us that the Correspondence Course in the Catholic Religion that he is conducting is doing very well. As you may know, the course is designed to give information on the Catholic Faith to people who do not have the opportunity to attend regular instruction classes. It consists of a text and a series of examinations. After each section is read and comprehended the correspondent answers the examination questions and returns them for correction through the mail. At the same time the correspondent may make any further inquiries or ask any other questions that may have proved puzzling.

The following letters, one from a man, the other from a woman, show how people feel about the Correspondence Course:

"Thank you for your patience and aid in my recent attempts to gain some knowledge of the Catholic Church. Your comments and communications all are appreciated. I have as yet not gone further in attaining admission to the Catholic Church, but, may God give me strength, the day is not far off. You placed me in a position to find the truth."

"I am enclosing the last of my six tests to complete my course of study in the Catholic Religion. It has been very interesting and has helped me a great deal in understanding the Catholic way. Many questions came to mind during the course but I usually found the answer as I read the text. Others I shall submit to you in the near future."

The Correspondence Course is free and it imposes no other obligation whatsoever on those who wish to take it. For anyone who wishes to know what the Church teaches it is invaluable. If you would like to take the course or would like to have some more information about it write to:

Father Cuthbert, S.A.
Our Lady of the Atonement
Novitiate
Valley Falls, R.I.

And Now There Are Three

Continued from page 9

lined up by prison officials.

"We realize," a spokesman would say, "that this is a shameful way to treat men. By your remaining here, you are actually sentencing yourself to death. But you do not have to remain here! Merely step forward and embrace the Orthodox Faith and you will be immediately released to return to your diocese."

But not one priest broke down in spite of intense pressure. Meanwhile, the guards around the monastery were increased and heavily armed with carbines. Such an act by the Communists was undoubtedly not without logic, without reason, because in all of these countries Catholic undergrounds at the edge of heavily guarded centers of Communist strength remain a troublesome relic of World War II. We saw how quickly Cardinal Mindszenty was rescued. Throughout the period the writer lived in Vienna there were rumors of underground Catholics plotting to free him. It is a cinch that such groups were also operating in Rumania.

The prisoners were allowed to receive no correspondence, packages or visitors. Furthermore, they were not allowed the use of water to bathe themselves. Their diet consisted entirely of cabbage and mouldy beans. Every day it was getting colder and colder that winter of 1948-49. The monastery, covered with snow against the background of the Carpathian mountains, looked as still as a seashell on a desolate coast. Cold like a white, pressing hand reached down and lay over every cell.

"Cannot we have a little heat?" the bishop pleaded with the secret police. "Many of the men are sick . . . actually dying from the cold."

"There is no wood—" he was told.

"No wood? We are surrounded by woods. The priests will be glad to chop wood during their free hours."

But the bishop's request was refused even though, as he said, they were surrounded by fir trees.

On the 27th of February, 1949, the Neamtul Monastery was closed and the priests were transferred to an Orthodox monastery called Caldarusani near Bucharest. At this prison they spent two years and seldom a month went by that they were not lined up and given the opportunity to become Orthodox. Here they were more or less "free prisoners." What differentiated their new status from the past was the fact that they were allowed to say Mass and take walks on the grounds of the monastery. The guards offered to take messages to their

friends outside, but the priests refused to send any, believing this to be a ruse to uncover the underground.

The inexorable tide, which flows forever between life and death, was carrying many of the more-aged priests swiftly to a position where they would be forever free of Communist torment. Even though many of them were now seriously ill, the prison officials refused them medical assistance, doctors, nurses or pills. If death was, to those who were free, an enemy against whom they stood impotent, it came to these tortured priests as the kind work of the Saviour, Jesus Christ.

On May 25, 1950, the entire group, with the exception of Bishop Vasile Aftenie, was transferred to Sighet, on the Russian border in Northern Rumania, by trucks. When they learned where they were going, they must have shuddered. For certainly they could imagine no worse calamity. Sighet was just a few miles from what is now Russia. Were they bound for the slave labor camps of Siberia?

They spent the first night in a cold barracks and when word came the next morning that they were to begin hard, physical work, thankfulness and relief swept over them like a surcease from doom. They were forced to surrender what was left of their priestly clothes and wear regulation convicts' uniforms. But it did not seem to matter . . . at least, they were not being sent to Siberia! The prison at Sighet turned out to be, however, more infamous than any crime it had ever punished. The priests were mixed with men held for crimes ranging from robbery to blackmail to murder.

Meanwhile, Bishop Aftenie, who had been separated from the other priests several months before they left for Sighet, was taken to the Ministry of Interior in Bucharest and severely tortured, night and day, in the most inhumane manner the Communists could devise. It was never clear just why they chose him for a martyr's death. He died on May 10, 1950, his body broken and bruised.

During this period reports began to circulate about the arrest of Catholics of the Latin, or Roman, Rite, too, of whom there are about 1,250,000 in Rumania. Until this time there was a very good reason why the Communists of Rumania did not move strongly against the Roman Church. A very large percentage of the Roman Catholics are of Hungarian descent who live in Transylvania. Communist or not, both Rumania and Hungary claim jurisdiction over this rich area. (Even today they are exchanging bitter words over it.) By persecuting the

Roman Catholics, the Rumanian government could have been charged by the Hungarian government of using religion as an excuse to attack its Hungarian minority. But by 1950 Cardinal Mindszenty was in jail and persecution of Catholics was in full swing in Hungary, too.

While at Sighet the priests continued their meatless diet. Most all of them developed stomach trouble. Some contracted tuberculosis and rheumatism. Still others suffered from cancer. Deaths came with even greater frequency. Some were taken away from Sighet, including Father Neda Dumitru who developed tuberculosis and died in a hospital in Craidua in 1954 or 1955.

Another who died was a Msgr. Anthony Durovici, the bishop of the historic Moldavian city of Jassy. He was tortured and left in a damp, solitary cell for three months before he succumbed. The Communists buried him in a shallow grave in the prison yard without ceremony. His death was followed shortly afterwards by another bishop who was severely tortured with him, Msgr. Traian Frentiu, of Oradea. He, too, died a lonely death in a solitary cell. A Father Boga, the vicar-general of Alba-Iulia, died in chains on the 14th of December, 1954.

Meanwhile, in 1954, the Communists apparently saw that if they continued to keep the priests at Sighet they might well kill off all of them. Furthermore, about this time the Communists were feeling the pressure of Catholics in Greece, itself, an area which they devote much time and money to winning to their side. In 1954 they began to release them from Sighet or disperse them throughout other prisons. The Sighet camp was closed down completely in the summer of 1955 and what few clergymen were left taken away to an unknown destination by the secret police.

Today, there are only three Catholic bishops of the Byzantine Rite alive in Rumania. They are Msgr. Hossu, Msgr. Alexander Rusu, the bishop of Maramures, and Msgr. Iuliu Balan, the bishop of Lugot.

And the Church, itself? Communist policy today in Rumania is to revive it, I was told by good authority, so that it can become a contributing factor to the Balkan Federation the Communists are attempting to build between Rumania, Bulgaria and Yugoslavia on the one hand and the NATO states of Greece and Turkey on the other.

The three bishops, although still semi-prisoners, are receiving better treatment and medical care for the

Continued on page 20

By the Light of the Lamp



MARRIAGE . . . Does the Roman Catholic Church allow a woman to marry her dead husband's brother?

An affinity exists between a wife and her husband's brothers and sisters, and likewise between a husband and his wife's brothers and sisters. This is in the collateral line.

Affinity in the collateral line is a diriment impediment to marriage. This is a matter of ecclesiastical law and consequently a dispensation from it can be granted.

The answer to your question, therefore would be that the Roman Catholic Church does not allow a woman to marry her dead husband's brother unless she gets a dispensation.

1 1 1 1

GOOD AND BAD AND CREATION

. . . I almost hesitate to ask this question, lest it be construed as a possible criticism of an answer which appeared in *The Lamp*. It is certainly not my desire to criticize; I ask only through a humble desire for information.

You say, "Wine, beer, and whisky are creatures of God. He created them, therefore, in themselves they are good."

Father, are not wine, beer, and whisky manufactured, rather than created? True, they are manufactured with materials, etc., which have, primarily, been created by God. But many quite evil things are manufactured out of materials, etc., which have been primarily created by God. One could hardly claim that everything which is manufactured is good because it has been manufactured out of some material which, primarily, has been created by God.

It is not my intention to debate, here, the intrinsic good or evil contained in wine, beer, and whisky. What I am trying to learn is this: Did you intend us to understand, by your answer, that whatsoever is manufactured from God's created materials is good of itself but it is in putting the article to an evil use that it becomes bad, sinful, or harmful?

We can say that there are two kinds of creation: Direct Creation and Indirect Creation.

By Direct Creation, we mean the absolute making of something out of absolutely nothing. This took place, probably millions of years ago, when God first said "let there be light, etc.",

as is found in the account of the Book of Genesis.

By Indirect Creation we mean the growth, or the development of potentialities inherently existing in the first elements created by Almighty God.

For instance, we say that God created the flowers of the field, and in so speaking we are talking of the flowers existing today. That is true—but this creation is not direct by Almighty God, for the flowers that we have today, grow from seeds, produced from flowers, produced from seeds all the way back to the first flower or seed that God created.

In the same way we say that God created every person in the world. Now in this particular case we have a peculiar situation, partly Direct and partly Indirect creation. God indirectly creates our bodies, drawing them from the bodies of our parents, but God directly and immediately creates our souls.

So in the matter of the wine, beer and whisky, God directly created the elements from which they come, and God created the potentiality or the power in man to combine these elements in such a way that the product is manufactured.

Things in themselves, no matter what they are, are actually neither good nor bad, for in speaking of good or bad we generally have in mind the moral order, and since things have no free will the moral order does not affect them.

In another sense we can use the words good or bad concerning things in the functional order, namely to indicate whether a thing performs the purpose for which it was made, or not. When a thing fulfills its purpose it is good. When it fails to perform the purpose for which it was made, the thing or object is bad. For instance, a radio that works well is a good radio—on the other hand, a radio that does not work well because it is full of static, is a bad radio.

A counterfeit bill might not be legal tender, but it might be a very good counterfeit bill. A bullet, for instance, is neither good nor bad except in so far as it works well or poorly. One, therefore, could not say

that the bullet shot from the gun of a murderer is in itself intrinsically evil, whereas another bullet shot from the gun of a policeman to kill a mad dog that was threatening the lives of children is a good bullet. In either case the bullet is the same; however, the use to which the bullet is put can be either good or bad.

So the same is true of beer and wine and liquor. In themselves and because they were created by God, indirectly it is true but, nevertheless, created, they are good. It is only when their use is perverted that we can say that they are bad.

This long involved discussion can best be summed up by your own sentence "whatsoever is manufactured from God's created materials is good of itself; a wrong use of a created thing or a manufactured thing is bad."

1 1 1 1

EXCOMMUNICATE . . . Is an excommunicated Catholic, e.g. one married outside of the Church, bound to go to Mass on Sundays, and abstain from eating meat on Fridays?

Yes—and every time he deliberately misses Mass or deliberately eats meat on a day of complete abstinence he commits another mortal sin. In other words, although he cannot receive the sacraments he is still bound by the laws of God and the Church.

1 1 1 1

TAXES . . . What was a publican?

A publican was a Jewish tax collector. Since he was in the employ of Rome, a publican was despised by his fellow Jews in the time of Christ. The most famous is Levi, whose name was changed to Matthew when he was called by Our Lord to be one of the 12 Apostles.

1 1 1 1

INCENSE . . . Is the incense you burn in Church the same as what we buy in stores? And where do you get it if not?

There are all kinds of incense both for home use and Church use on the market. Generally the incense used in Church is different from the incense used in the home. It can be bought at nearly every church goods store.

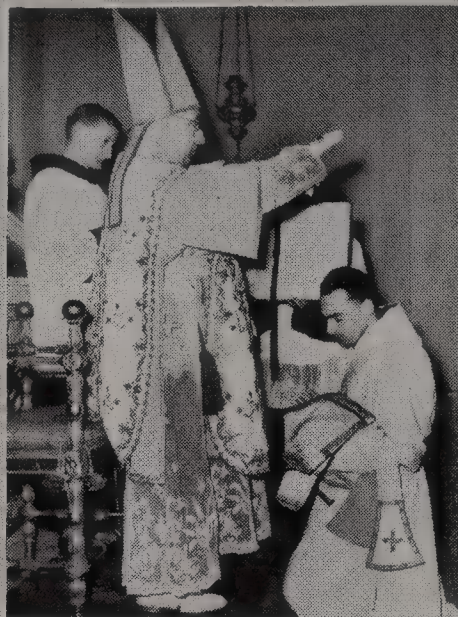
St. Paul writing to the Hebrews stated:

"For every high-priest taken from among men is ordained for men in the things that appertain to God, that he may offer up gifts and sacrifices for sins."

THE PRIEST, then, is placed by God in the Church to offer sacrifice. This office is peculiar to the priests of the Law of Grace, to whom has been given the awesome power of offering the great Sacrifice of the Body and Blood of the Son of God—a Sacrifice sublime and perfect.

St. Alphonsus wrote: "All the honors that the Angels by their homages, and men by their virtues, penances and martyrdoms, and other holy works, have ever given to God could not give Him as much glory as a single Mass. For all the honors of creatures are finite honors, but the honor given to God in the Sacrifice of the altar, because it proceeds from a Divine Person, is an infinite honor.

"Hence we must confess that all the actions of the Mass, as the Council of Trent says, is the most holy and divine. It is then, an action most holy and dear to God—an action that appeases most efficaciously the anger of God against sinners; that beats down most effectually the Powers of hell; that affords



to the souls in Purgatory the greatest relief."

How well the Saints realized that were it not for the Mass—the unbloody Sacrifice of Calvary continued on our Catholic Altars—the earth long ago would have perished on account of the sins of men.

Cooperate, then, with God in the most Divine of all Divine things—the Mass—by arranging in your will to perpetuate the glorious Sacrifice of the Mass in the education of worthy young men for the Priesthood of Christ.

In arranging your Will insert:

"I give, devise, and bequeath to the Friars of the Atonement, Inc., Graymoor, Garrison, N. Y., the sum of \$_____for the education of worthy young men for the Priesthood.

If you desire further information, or if we can assist you in any way in making these arrangements, please write to us.

And Now There Are Three

Continued from page 18

first time in years. They are not even asked to become Orthodox churchmen any longer. For it is becoming very important that Rumania have a Byzantine Catholic Church . . . and now there are only three left who could possibly lead such a Church. †

Mother of Universal Charity

Continued from page 11

at that time Francois came into his complete inheritance and proceeded to squander it. He had no consideration for his wife, for his two living children nor the little ones they buried. Marguerite's only comfort was her religion. In 1727 she became a member of the Confraternity of the Holy Family established at Notre Dame Church and placed herself under the spiritual direction of Father Dulescoat, a saintly Sulpician at the church. She learned to sanctify her sorrows and one day was greatly perplexed by something which was said to her by Father Dulescoat.

"Be consoled, my child," he said, "God destines you for great work. You will raise up a house that is falling to ruins."

Marguerite could not imagine what house he meant. And even if she knew that his concern was for the General Hospital which was falling into disrepute and disrepair through mismanagement and incompetence, what would that have to do with her, a wife and mother. Yet events were to move singularly which would place her in charge of that immense institution.

Francois took suddenly ill and died on July 4, 1730, leaving behind him a dishonored name because of the debts amounting to 11,000 pounds which his widow could not possibly pay even though she gave up to creditors every possession which she had and faced the future with her six-year-old son Francois and one-year-old son Charles completely penniless.

Marguerite had for some time been doing handwork and selling it in order to feed her children even while their father lived. She decided to open a store in the downstairs of the house which she rented in the Market Place. There she sold her own handwork, together with simple household necessities. Her mother and sisters helped her to secure credit with merchants to stock the store with the needed wares.

Under her wise management Marguerite's business grew and prospered. She made many friends among the customers. She also looked out on the seamy side of life. Her heart went out to those undergoing public punish-

Continued on page 22

PRAYER OF ST. ANTHONY. "Be to me a God of protection, sheltering me with your outstretched arms like a hen which shelters and defends its young under her wing. Be to be a Refuge, that I may find in your side, pierced by a lance, a city of refuge where I can hide myself from the face of my enemy. Be my Strength that I may not be defeated and that I may flee back to You when I have fallen and can find no other shelter. And be a Guide to my blindness since You are mercy itself and nourish me with the milk of Your Kindness. Have mercy on me, Son of David. Amen."

OUR LADY TEACHES ANTHONY ABOUT THE SACRED HEART. There is a tradition in the Franciscan Order that Our Lady herself taught our great saint the veneration of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. One day she appeared to him in the solitude of Monte Paolo, where he went after the Chapter of Mats in 1221, and showed him a crowned heart on which the image of the Crucified Christ stood out prominently. The Heart was surrounded by a Franciscan cord. Mary pointed to the heart and said It was the Heart of her Son and in It he would find the source of fervor and inspiration.

WHEN THE FRANCISCANS returned to the convent of St. Anthony in Brive, France on August 3, 1874, the Bishop of Tulle preached in part as follows: "The commentaries of St. Anthony on the divine pages may be likened to a golden harp sending forth magnificent harmonies to the glory of the Word Incarnate. The Child Jesus Himself touched his lips and his fingers that they might pour forth golden words."

PRaise FROM IRELAND. "An international figure, famous for his miracles and his oratory, Anthony had in life focused upon himself the attention of Europe. The wonders performed at his tomb and his astonishing canonization drew the eyes of all the world to him; and to him ever since the eyes and voices of the world have turned for aid and they have not turned in vain.

"... little may be said of Anthony's great character. To have shown his qualities would have helped to make Anthony truly known, and unfortunately he is not really known. Perhaps artists are to blame; for mostly they have been unkind to him. Generally they give us a man without manliness, a saint with only the brass or painted halo of sanctity. The impression in the public mind is, therefore, that An-

At St. Anthony's Feet

thony was always 'a delicate youth with a lily' as Shane Leslie said about St. Aloysius; and so, for many, the name of Anthony is the name of a statue.

"But Anthony was no statuesque sort of saint. His voice could hold the roar of storms and the mighty thunders of Sinai. No weakling was he who could rebuke an archbishop in his own cathedral, and face the ferocity of Ezzelino, though he could not tame it.

"Think of him in his cave at Monte Paolo, brooding over his great purpose; think of him carrying it out in the pulpits of cities, in the squares, in the streets, by prayer and suffering, by word and miracle, and you know the man— strong, firm-willed, great in purpose, a tyrant over tyrants for God and God's people, paining the heart that he might be kind to the soul, sometimes bruising the soul that he might press out its iniquity. Think of a man afire with a fierce holy flame of inspired fervor, and you think of Anthony, the man. You know Anthony." (Fr. Victor Shephard OFM in Assisi, Sept. 1957).

ST. ANTHONY'S LOVE FOR THE SACRED HEART. He compares the Heart of Jesus to a sun which inflames souls with love, an abode of loving souls, and a golden altar of sacrifice. When commenting on the words "And there will be signs in the sun" etc. in a sermon on the Last Judgment, St. Anthony says: "How astonishing since already there are in Him so many signs of mercy! Our sun of Jesus Christ, the shining light of humanity, the light of intellects. See in Him these signs of redemption, of Mercy, and of love—His five wounds!" On another occasion he states: "Our golden altar is the charity in the Heart of Jesus whence rises to heaven the fragrant incense which embalms the earth. . . . Meditation on the exterior sufferings of Jesus Christ is, no doubt, meritorious and holy, but if we see gold, pure and unalloyed, we must approach the interior altar, the very Heart of Jesus, and there study the riches of His love."

ST. ANTHONY LISTEN TO ME! In Rome an elderly lady was severely paralyzed and had lost the use of her legs. She could move about with the aid of crutches and then very slowly. But she managed to drag herself to the



Church of St. Anthony, where she begged the saint to cure her.

For fourteen years she continued her prayers and never failed in her visits to his altar, but she got no better. One day she felt quite despondent and while Mass was being offered, she went to his altar and talking aloud, said: "St. Anthony, are you deaf, or don't you want to hear my prayers?"

The priest who was celebrating Mass beckoned to the brother and asked him to tell the lady to be quiet. But the woman only continued: "St. Anthony listen! I've been coming here for the last fourteen years every day, begging you to cure me! I shall come no more. Here are your crutches! And throwing them in the sanctuary, she added angrily: "Addio—you will see me no more!"

Then she turned from the altar and walked away. But then she realized that she was walking without any difficulty—she was cured. Many persons who had noticed her in church because of her loud talking witnessed the miracle and congratulated her on the favor she had received. Needless to say, she returned to the saint's altar to praise and thank him.

THE GLORY OF PADUA. In the early Middle Ages Padua was famed as a university city, even as it is today. But its principal cause for renown is no longer the famed institution of learning, but that it is the City of St. Anthony. He loved this city in a special way, even as St. Francis loved Assisi. Padua breathes the spirit and personality of its holy man; he is simply called "the saint" by all.

Mother of Universal Charity

Continued from page 20

ment in the pillory. And many a night she begged from door to door for money with which to bury some poor criminal who died on the gallows and had no one to bury him.

Marguerite d'Youville's charities grew with the years. She visited the prisons, fed the hungry, made clothes for ragged children and lent a helping hand to everyone with whom she came in contact. During these years her works of charity were being carefully surveyed by the eyes of her Spiritual Directors. When Father Dulescoat died his place was taken by Father Louis Normant, who saw in Marguerite a wise administrator and a woman with remarkable aptitudes. She assisted at Mass every morning and made a visit to the Blessed Sacrament every afternoon. In addition she took the poor into her own home and cared for them. In 1738 she was joined by several friends. Father Normant considered Marguerite d'Youville the ideal foundress and directress for the religious order of nuns which he hoped to found. There was need for such a community as he envisioned.

In those days, however, a religious community could not be formed on French soil without the approval of the King of France. This was very hard to obtain in Mother d'Youville's case as she met with nothing but opposition from the civil authorities in Canada. The latter was angered by Father Normant's efforts to have the Grey Nuns placed in charge of the General Hospital. The hospital was finally turned over to them temporarily. But when they began to take in the insane and provided quarters for fallen women, they were ignominiously expelled. Mother d'Youville then journeyed to Quebec to see Intendant Bigot in person. He received her very harshly. Next she made a personal appeal to the king. With the help of ecclesiastics in Paris the tide was turned in her favor in royal quarters and on August 27, 1750, the nuns

were privileged to wear the habits which had been designed. The Order was officially named "The Ladies of Charity" but the people called them "The Grey Nuns" because of the color of their habit.

Mother d'Youville was a handsome woman, tall and majestic in stature, with well-cast features and a rich complexion. Her expression was so filled with sweetness that it won people on sight. She spoke little but thought a great deal. She was affectionate and sympathetic and at the same time was very practical and could be severe when necessary.

When her two sons were ordained priests she was able to give her full attention to her spiritual daughters, who had to be self-supporting. They did fine needle work as well as such rough sewing as making tents and uniforms for the soldiers; they made clothes for the Indians; made altar breads and wax candles for the churches, and bought leaf tobacco which they prepared for the market. Anyone in the city who had work to do was told "bring it to the Grey Nuns." With their accumulated earnings they were able to continue their charities among the orphans, the sick and the poor.

In time they were returned to the General Hospital, where they made many changes for the better. The run-down institution soon took on a different aspect and patients no longer avoided the place, but were happy to receive medical care under the supervision of the nuns.

Anecdotes about Mother d'Youville are numerous. They serve to indicate her beautiful character. In 1757 she heard of an Englishman who had been captured by the Indians, who were allies of France. According to savage customs he would be burned at the stake. She immediately went out to the Indian Chief and begged for the life of the captive, paying them 200 livres as ransom money for his life. The prisoner was freed and in gratitude spent the rest of his life as an infirmarian at the hospital.

On another occasion she saved an Irish mother and her child who were already pinned to the stake by the Indians. The rescued girl was brought up in the hospital and later joined the Grey Nuns. No accurate account was ever kept of how many English soldiers were saved by the Sisters.

And there were times when the charities of the Sisters exceeded their slender treasury. On one occasion there was no bread in the house and no money with which to purchase it. Mother d'Youville promised to pray

upon the matter. Upon entering the refectory one of the Sisters was amazed to discover several barrels of fine wheaten flour. Exhaustive investigations failed to disclose how the flour reached its destination.

After all their back-breaking work, after all the Grey Nuns had done to expand the hospital and its facilities, a fire broke out in the neighborhood. The Sisters joined the men and women volunteers in the streets, fighting the blaze with buckets and brooms. But the flames could not be halted. A few sparks flew to the hospital, setting it ablaze. While the Sisters were busy evacuating their patients and getting them to safety, men and women were as busy carrying away the possessions of the Sisters. Some of these unprincipled people brought carts in which to carry away everything of the Sisters' on which they could lay their hands.

When the fire was out, Mother d'Youville knelt in the street before the ruins and with her nuns gathered about her sang a *Te Deum*. When she arose she promised, "Take courage my children, our house will never again be destroyed by fire." The promise has been kept from that day to this. Help came from all over the city and once again the hospital was built and the Sisters comfortably housed.

One evening in 1771 a noted scientist, Monsieur Jean Delisle de Lacail-eterie was out walking. Looking up at the General Hospital he saw a luminous cross in the sky. He called to others on the street to look at the strange phenomenon. "What new trial has befallen the Grey Nuns now?" they asked. Before the hour was out they heard the news, Mother d'Youville was dead, had died of a stroke at the age of 71. †

I Remember Padre

Continued from page 15

"I-it—" Elena faltered. "It--was given—"

Elena caught her breath and stared wide-eyed at Mama.

"It was *not* given!" Mama said. "Where did you get it!"

"I—I-t-took it!" Elena stammered.

"From where?"

"From the Five and Ten!"

There was a great and tragic silence in our house. Elena was a thief! She had stolen from the Five and Ten, and Mama had the great, hurt eyes of a wounded doe. Nobody dared to make a sound.

Silently Mama got her coat and hat. "Come," she said to Elena and to me. "The rest of you stay here and don't

Continued on page 24

A GREAT NEED

Used clothing is greatly needed for the Homeless Men at St. Christopher's Inn. The clothing you no longer use will be greatly appreciated.

Address:

ST. CHRISTOPHER'S INN
Graymoor, Garrison, N. Y.

by John Patrick Gillese

"You give no figures on those wives who, having worked and been faced

"That night my daughter figured out how much she had made by work-

"By the same standard, my children will come racing home to show me their improved report cards, to ask if they can invite a friend for supper,

THAT ALL MAY BE ONE - The Lamp - 23

We Will Fashion Your Tarnished **OLD GOLD** Into a Dazzling Crown of Life

One of the ways through which we support our Missionaries in foreign lands is the sale of the old gold which our friends send to us.

Have you any old gold such as rings and trinkets you no longer use? Help a poor Mission with it by sending it to Graymoor. It will be given back to you some day in a dazzling Crown of Life.

Fr. Andrew, S.A.
Graymoor, Garrison, N. Y.

"go teach ye all nations"



The Graymoor Priest, in
the footsteps of Christ,
goes through the world
winning souls for God's
Kingdom. His is a
satisfying life of high
adventure that calls for
deep charity and sacrifice.
Young men of High
School and College age
are invited to join
us in our noble,
thrilling work.

GRAYMOOR FRIARS

Graymoor, Garrison, New York

Please send me without obligation your literature in regard to:

☐ Priesthood ☐ Brotherhood Age _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Mostly for Men

Continued from page 23

to tell me they've been chosen for a part in the school play. Can you pay for their disappointment if I'm not there? Can anything make up for it?

"Without exception, the children in the primary grades—whose mothers work 'outside'—are different. One little boy I know steals from his mother's purse, then tries to buy his friends at school. A girl in Grade Three is the despair of the teacher, who is currently teaching this child her Grade I 'Dick and Jane' reading!

"The first mother says she has not the heart to reprimand her 9-year-old son for stealing—but is that not because she knows who is to blame? The second mother tries to justify her daughter's backwardness by stating that the father had no interest in reading and her daughter takes after him. The child should; her father, let it be said, does try to give her the security of love—the greatest security in the world."

These letters represent the thoughts of well-educated and *well-developed* women—a grandmother and a young mother respectively. Now, here's one from a teen-ager who suddenly quit college to get married. Her reason:

"Today, no matter what occupation the average girl chooses, you pay out more than you net if you have to turn your home over to domestic help—usually inferior help. So rinsing diapers may not be as glamorous as concocting ads? That depends strictly on your viewpoint. Maybe it was all right when a girl would 'work in' for \$10 a week, and a career girl could get \$60 a week. Now they want almost \$10 a day. We college girls took a poll and we found darned few jobs that netted us that extra \$10 to pay some woman to do our work. Most of us figured we were asking for a life of frustration, to try mixing marriage and a career.

"We women are given, at the outside, about 15 years to produce a man or woman—someone to drift through life, turn against life, or restore all life to Christ. Count me as old-fashioned. I'm aiming for at least six children who, long before their education ends, will have one purpose in mind for the rest of their life: each one to have Christ walking, living, talking in him or her—so He can have a chance to complete the work of salvation which He began at Calvary."

So there you have it, men and women. I think every husband who was lucky enough to marry a woman like any one of the above, has truly got

himself a pearl beyond price. It also accounts for the statement I made at the beginning: that it will be through the daughters of Mary, every last wonderful one of them, that we will yet return to our new Eden.

But they can only work that wonder in their rightful sphere—which, nine times out of ten, is in the home. In that position, in more ways than one, they are truly next to God. †

I Remember Padre

Continued from page 22

stir out of your chairs. Sit and stay down!"

They sat and I believe they stayed sitting down. I should have, had I had the pleasure of remaining behind. I do not know why I had to go along. I had not taken anything from the Five and Ten. Perhaps Mama needed my frail support. Anyhow, I went.

I did not know where we were going because the Five and Ten, Saint Bartholomew's, the police department and all the big stores were in the same few blocks down town. I did not know where until Mama turned down Padre McMullen's walk, pulling the reluctant Elena behind her.

When Padre came to the door my mother said: "Elena has stolen this sewing box from the Five and Ten-Cent Store, Padre. What am I to do with her?"

For a moment Padre McMullen did not speak and there was in his eyes the look of a man who wishes desperately he could get away from whatever it is that confronts him—in this case three Mexicans who would not like him any better for the punishment he would have to mete out to Elena.

"Come in," he said. Then, almost abruptly, he turned his back on Mama and me. He fixed his soft grey eyes on Elena, who stood frozen.

"What you have done," he said very gently but firmly to my scared-eyed sister, "is very wrong; and there is no forgiveness unless restitution is made. Do you know what restitution is, Elena?"

"N-n-no, P-padre!" Elena chattered.

"It is this! You must give back to the Five and Ten-Cent Store what you have stolen. Then the store manager will decide on your punishment."

Never had I heard such terrifying words. Elena would be put in jail, perhaps, and we would never see her again.

"Wait here for me," Padre McMullen ordered, and we did, Mama stiff and straight in her chair, Elena and I stiff and straight in ours. No one

Continued on page 26



EVER WONDER...

... JUST WHAT THE YOUNGER GENERATION'S coming to? Now is your chance to find out, first-hand. A professor with the old psychological hankering to know what they do has compiled the biographical essays of several Princeton seniors into a fascinating book aptly titled *The Unsilent Generation* (Otto Butz; Rinehart & Co.; New York, 1958).

UNLESS THE VARIOUS YOUNG WRITERS are fictionalizing... and it's hard to see why they would, since the contributions remain anonymous... a rather disturbing, yet hopeful picture of the next team up evolves as one reads. Human nature being what it is, the portraits vary greatly. This one common trait is what I would call a wary optimism. Perhaps it would also be fair to say that they commonly lack one trait as well: idealism, in the usual sense of the word. What idealism there is amounts to a credo so personalized as to verge on the cynical. The keynote of this "cynical optimism" is self-reliance. Somewhere along the line, most of these young men have dropped, altered or rejected their childhood dependence on and belief in an interested Diety. They have, for the most part, only themselves to fall back on... and in the majority of cases, they feel this sufficient assurance for a reasonably happy future. But they have no illusions (one somehow wishes they had a few): says one, "In life at large... I will simply treat every situation as one in which only the fittest will survive." And another, "Life, undoubtedly, is not going to turn out exactly as we want it. But at least we'll leave our imprint on it..." This Invictus-complex colors a great deal of the writers' thinking, and, presumably, action. But it is the result, one feels, of being forced to whistle in the dark. Today, no one has the option or the leisure to fail: we envy, says the most thought-

ful of the group of writers, "our fathers' freedom to... commit themselves to any of the fragmented creeds that were bound to fail." A generation that can remember only the echoes of one war and the threats of another is in no mood to go lotus-eating... even though the thought is an appealing one. Perhaps these young men feel it is better to at least pretend to a harsh bravery than to take the chance of going under as the world in general struggles to survive.

CONFORMITY, that great bugaboo of the young and rugged individualist, seems, to the present Princetonian, as much a threat as ever. Some, while professing a desire to be "different" openly admit their hatred of the "norm." Others merely fear that normality is a synonym for mediocrity and ultimate character oblivion. This last fear is by no means restricted to the Princeton campus. One hears it expressed everywhere among young thinking adults... and nowhere better than in the following excerpt from the editorial column of the University of San Francisco's student paper, the *Foghorn*. Written by the *Foghorn*'s feature-page editor, Frank Lavorato, (also a student in his senior year), the editorial contains an explicit idealism and an implicit Christian feeling almost completely lacking from the Princeton profiles. Mr. Lavorato's fear of excessive conformity has a sound theological basis: that in finding too much complacent satisfaction in belonging to the order of the New Utopia, men may lose sight of their final end and their inherent dignity. But let him speak for himself on the matter:

"YESTERDAY'S SEARCH FOR UTOPIA has been replaced by today's dream of Suburbia.

To a great number of American youth, it is no longer a remote or inaccessible region. Suburbia, as a mat-

ter of fact, is approximately thirty minutes by commuters' train and fifteen minutes by car from almost any city.

It is the symbol of a new American ideal... conformity; for there, in that pre-fabricated, two-bedroom frame house... one can rest assured that he is living exactly like everybody else, except those with three bedrooms.

It is a place where no one cares what comes out of the speaker, so long as it's Stereophonic.

It is the substantiation of the great American aim—comfort.

It is a community of good citizens whose chief interests in life are the PTA, Norman Vincent Peale... and *Consumer's Guide*.

It is snug and comfortable; and no one struggles, not even with smog.

It is extremely democratic, for there everyone is born equal and remains equal.

It is a place where everyone knows that tragedies happen... (because) they read about them in the morning newspapers. And all they are obligated to do is to nod their heads and say "How sad!"

It is a community of beings who pay for their existence in monthly payments.

It is a place where the main end of religion is "to make one feel good."

There, no one is excessively happy or excessively unhappy or excessively sensitive—

—or excessively human."

BEFORE ALL WE WHO LIVE in city-suburb dwellings rise to smite Mr. Lavorato with an axe, let's remember that he is simply using Suburbia as the symbol of a state of mind known as smugness. This unfortunate phenomenon certainly exists within city boundaries as well, notably in those localized Bohemias such as San Francisco's North Beach and New York's Greenwich Village of the old days, where non-conformity is cultivated within such a rigid framework of Thou-Shalt-Nots and bylaws, that conventionality seems license by comparison.

Smugness is the unalterable conviction that we are already completely acceptable: to ourselves, to our society, to God. If the graduates of '58 are against such sterility of purpose, then they are setting off in the proper general direction. Now it is to be hoped that they find their proper goal.

SUMMERTIME...

... "and the livin' is easy"... provided you have a cook, no children, and a full-time gardener. You can

Continued on page 26

Mostly for Women

Continued from page 25

make it a whole lot easier regardless, if you *do* have a file of recipes as filling, attractive and quickly prepared as this one. I call it

Salad Paisano

Use 2 Number 2½ cans of kidney beans, or boil enough dried ones to equal the same amount . . . about 3½ to 4 cupsful. Rinse and chill them until about an hour before serving time. Then remove from the refrigerator and mix them well with the following:

- ½ cup mayonnaise.
- 3 tablespoons ketchup.
- ¼ cup chopped gherkins or sweet pickle bits.
- 3 tablespoons chopped green onions . . . tops and all.
- ½ cup celery tops (you know, leaves) chopped fine.
- 1½ teaspoons salt; pepper to taste.
- 4 hard-boiled eggs, sliced.
- 1 teaspoon chutney (optional but interesting).
- ¼ cup chopped parsley.

Serve on lettuce leaves to six steamy people. This makes an adequate dinner and then some if combined with hot onion soup and a fresh-fruit compote. C'est formidable! †

I Remember Padre

Continued from page 24

spoke. No one took a deep breath, only enough to keep alive.

In the next room I could hear Padre McMullen talking on the phone. Then he was back. "Come along, both of you," he said to Elena and to me. "Wait here for us, Mrs. Valencia," he said to my mother, who watched us leave with him with tears in her eyes, like at a funeral.

Silently we walked with Padre McMullen to the Five and Ten. As we passed the notions counter Elena shied away as from a bucket of hot coals. My knees shook at Padre McMullen started up the narrow steps toward the unknown upstairs, pulling Elena by one hand who pulled me.

At the top was a little room with girls typing and running machines. There was a man in a dark suit like an undertaker. He was bald on top. He had round blue eyes and glasses with heavy rims. Elena's fingertips dug into my hand. Mine dug into hers even though I had stolen nothing, nothing at all, although once or twice I had been tempted.

Padre McMullen handed the sewing kit to Elena, who did not want to touch it. "This is the man to whom the box belongs," he said softly. "You must give it back to him."

Gingerly Elena took the kit and handed it to the manager.

"You are sorry, Elena?" Padre McMullen asked.

"Y-y-yes," Elena sputtered.

"You will never steal again?"

"N-n-n-never!" Elena answered.

The store manager cleared his throat and both Elena and I jumped. "I could send you to jail, little girl," he said, "but because of Father McMullen I am not going to this time. However, should you be caught stealing anything else inside my store I shall see that you get the utmost punishment."

Padre McMullen thanked the manager for letting Elena off and then we started down the stairs to freedom. All the way to Padre's house nobody spoke. Our mother rose when we came in.

"It is taken care of," Padre McMullen said. "Elena is on probation." He turned his grey eyes on my sister. "Do you know what probation is, child?"

"N-n-no, Padre," Elena clicked.

"It is a time given you to prove you will never steal again. People will be watching to see that you keep your promise."

Mama, Elena and I walked home in silence. There was much silence in our house for all the rest of that day, and the making of our usual noises was entered into only with the greatest of caution for many days to come.

"What," Elena asked me several weeks later, "is the 'utmost punishment'?"

"I do not know," I told her, "and you had better not try to find out."

Padre Rodriguez of the old parish was made a Monsignor, as were two other priests from our growing diocese. We wanted a Monsignor at St. Bartholomew's, too, but we did not get one. Some said it was because the Americano spoke his mind too freely, even to the *Obispo*.

Padre McMullen's church had a large debt which the Sunday collection was not denting. "It is your church," he told us, "but only a few are paying for it. Consequently, next Sunday we will start a seat collection of ten cents per person. Mothers with a large family need not worry as children are exempt. Free seating will also be available to any adult who is financially unable to enjoy a weekly movie or its equivalent in beer and cigarettes."

My father and mother laughed. "We are poor," said my father, "but you and the children get to the movies whenever you want to go."

My mother's eyes flashed. "And you have your *cerveza*, Juan!"

Obispo—Bishop
cerveza—beer

"So we pay," my father retorted, "and if we can, so can anybody."

Next Sunday the ushers made two trips. On the second each person put his dime on a sliding wooden plate with a big box underneath. If a person put a quarter or a half-dollar on the plate, the usher made change. Ten cents, no more and no less, was the charge.

"I am sorry this drastic action has been made necessary," said Padre McMullen. "Heretofore you have let your consciences be your guide and since it is so unhappily obvious that a large number of you have no consciences whatever, other means of paying for God's house have had to be devised."

The following Sunday there was trouble. The Americano seated near my father put a 20 dollar bill on the little wooden plate. Many others did this thing until the ushers had no change and so—they had to return the big bills.

"That was a bad thing to do!" said my mother indignantly. "Padre McMullen is only trying to pay the bank!"

"And he'll do it," my father answered. "I bet on Padre!"

The following Sunday my father was filled with expectations. "If I can do it," he said, "I am going to sit next to the Americano with the 20 dollars just to see what will happen."

"You would do better to sit with your hand in God's," said my mother.

Father shrugged, but made his way to the same seat as last Sunday and sure enough, the Americano was there, his reddish face wearing a smile.

The smiling Americano put his big bill on the plate. The smiling usher took it. Standing tall in the aisle, he brought forth a large leather bag which jingled proudly as he started paying out nickels. When the top of the sliding plate was stacked with them, he made the scarlet Americano take them off so he could stack it anew.

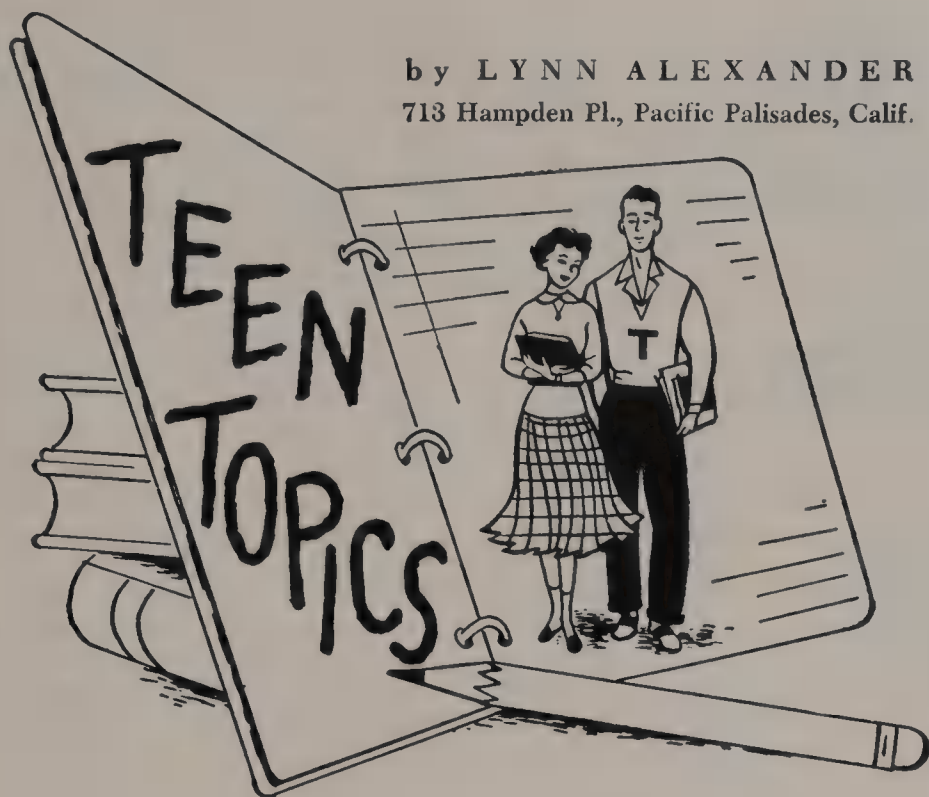
The stubborn ones kept putting on the big bills, thinking to break the ushers, but they had not counted on the stamina of Padre McMullen, who had enough nickels for all.

When Mass was over and we reached home (with my father laughing in great gusts all the way) he got a stub of pencil and a piece of paper to figure something out. "You know how many nickels that crazy Americano had to put in his pockets?" Papa chuckled. "Three hundred and ninety-eight!"

"He plays no favorites," said my

Continued on page 28

by LYNN ALEXANDER
713 Hampden Pl., Pacific Palisades, Calif.



Hi, TEENS! Whreeee-whoooo! Well, we asked for your opinions about the changes in the Eucharistic Fast and, believe me, we got them! There was a regular blizzard of mail in response to Priscilla Schexnayder's comment that she felt that the relaxing of the restrictions made the privilege of Holy Communion too easy for us. Just don't ever let anyone tell me that teens have nothing more vital than bop on their minds! I'll plunk this mountain of letters in their lap and it'll take them a month to get up! The response was wonderful, teens, thanks loads!

I thought you might like to see some of the opinions expressed, so away we go!

Dear Lynn,

I always read your page in *THE LAMP* but this is my first letter and it is concerning the Eucharistic Fast. I firmly believe the relaxed rule has doubly increased the number of Communion and who is better qualified to know the needs of the world than our Holy Father who made the rule? Obedience to this rule against our own will is in itself a wonderful preparation for Holy Communion.

I feel everyone should use this privilege, especially when it would mean absence at the Communion rail or great hardship.

Sincerely,

Janet Willette
Minnesota

Dear Lynn,

I disagree with Priscilla Schexnayder's letter concerning the new rule of Eucharistic Fast.

I must confess that I myself felt funny about this matter at first. But now that I have seen the advantage of receiving Communion more frequently and having Jesus into my heart, I feel very bad to hear such talk. In my own reasoning I think, and better than that I know, that

this new rule has helped many a person to receive Our Blessed Lord frequently into their hearts also.

I was wondering, Priscilla, if you have ever gone to a late Mass before this new rule of fasting came out? If you have, you saw very few people at the altar rail receiving Communion. Go to a late Mass now and you will see a big difference. Remember Our Lord loves everyone, no one in particular but everyone in general. And as long as He may come into your heart frequently and worthily, I know you can all get to heaven this easy way. We can all get to heaven as long as we keep the Commandments and the Precepts of the Church.

Many thanks and may God bless you always.

Mary Ann

Detroit, Michigan

Dear Lynn,

I am a new reader of *Teen Topics* and I enjoy reading it very much. I look forward to it every month.

I would like to say a few words about the new Fast law. I agree with Priscilla. But I see where you are right, too. I guess it's all right to take pills and things but some people will abuse this right like Prissy said.

Your devoted reader,

Patricia O'Hara
New York

Dear Lynn,

I always read your column *Teen Topics* and enjoy it a lot.

Now to get down to what I'm writing on. In the January issue of *THE LAMP* a reader by the name of Priscilla Schexnayder wrote on the Eucharistic Fast. My opinion is altogether different from hers. I think it is a very good idea to be able to have the privilege of eating before going to Communion. I think that the law on taking medicine before receiving Communion absolutely will not be abused and more older people will be able to go to Communion.

Like you, I have noticed more people

in my parish going to Communion. If you want my opinion, I think Priscilla's idea is perfectly ridiculous. Remember! The Pope can never make a mistake when it comes to the Church. And he never does!

God bless you,

Marguerite Dwyer
Mass.

Dear Lynn,

I am a 14-year-old sophomore at St. Mary's High School and having read *Teen Topics*, I decided to state my opinions on the issue of the Communion Fast. I too feel that Communion is something one must make one's self worthy of by sacrificing bodily nourishment for a considerable number of hours. And yet, I can understand the need for leniency in the law when dealing with the aged, young children, or the ill. Extremes of heat or cold can also be understood as pardoning factors.

I personally am inclined to agree with Priscilla that one should discipline one's self before receiving the Sacred Host. But then, who are we to question the Pope's wisdom? Is he not the Vicar of Christ? If Christ, through the Pope, wants lenient laws regarding His Holy Reception, we have absolutely no right to dispute the decision.

Thank you, Mrs. Alexander, for writing as fine a column as *Teen Topics* which is such a great help to so many.

Sincerely,

Lucy Birbiglia
New York

THERE YOU HAVE A SMATTERING, guys and gals, of the opinions that were expressed. On whichever side of the fence, all of the views showed a great deal of insight and thought. Prissy's stand is not without merit. We *should* prepare ourselves to be worthy of Holy Communion and certainly no one could possibly object if we decide that personally we will stick to the more rigid rule. After all, His Holiness didn't say that we *must* have coffee or breakfast before Communion! He merely relaxed the rules so that those who feel that the lack of nourishment before Mass is a hardship might still be enabled to take Holy Communion.

Certainly some physical bodily preparation for receiving Our Lord is necessary. But far more important is the preparation of your heart!

LAST MONTH we were discussing available reading material for teens. This month I can announce that I've added my own contribution. My new book, "Dear Lynn, I Have A Problem," is off the presses and available. It's a long book. At last count, there were 99 chapters dealing with the variety of problems that confront you during these teen years. So often parents and teens are at odds about what is considered acceptable. My hope is that "Dear Lynn, I Have A Problem"

Continued on page 28



Teen Topics

Continued from page 27

will rule out many of those unnecessary and unpleasant disagreements. Some of the chapters included are: What's the matter with me?, Making friends, Why can't I date?, That bugaboo—shyness, Heard about my last date?, The bewitching hour, Sittin' on the sidelines, The goodnight kiss, Getting fresh, Going steady, Does God play favorites?, Make your vacation count!, I don't like Confession, Minus the wedding ring, What about mixed dating?, and many, many, many more! If you are interested in the book, it can be obtained from: Book Dept., Franciscan Printery, Pulaski, Wis. 319 pages. Price: \$3.50 per copy.

Time to scat so soon? 'Til next month then, teens, God's best to you and yours! †

I Remember Padre

Continued from page 26

mother, speaking of Padre McMullen. "He gives it to everyone!"

He "gave it" to the people who sprang to their feet the minute he said: "Ite Missa est." (Go, the Mass

is ended.) Perhaps the Mass was ended at that point, but as it is polite for dinner guests to stay awhile and say a last few words to their host, so at the enactment of the Last Supper should the people remain for the final blessing and closing prayers.

Sunday after Sunday, Padre McMullen warned the fleet-of-foot to mend their manners. Sunday after Sunday they were out into the aisles with so much scraping and pounding of hoofs that the devout could not hear above the pounding of hoofs.

"*Mal criados!*" my mother said of them, and in our tongue that means those who are poorly brought up.

"They are going to be sorry!" said my father, relish in his black eyes. "Just wait and see!"

"He has scolded them again and again," my mother pointed out. "What else can he do?"

The Sunday he did it there was the usual rush for the aisles when Padre McMullen said: "Ite Missa est." Away pounded the same *groseros* and they hit the swinging doors eight abreast from the three aisles. There was a *Mal criados*—poorly raised or brought up. *groseros*—gross or rude people

whoof, a whammy and a thud, then dead silence. The doors were all locked from the outside. Padre McMullen turned on the altar to face the doors. "Come on back and kneel down, friends," he said softly. "I cannot permit you to be rude to Our Lord in His house."

The hang-dog people returned to their pews and I am sad to say that there were some Mejicanos among them. The rest of us contained our billowing laughter until the closing prayers were said. When Padre McMullen left the altar we heard a snap, as of a lock being opened, and the groaning of the big doors being thrown wide.

"Didn't—I—tell—you!" My father choked, spluttered and shouted gleefully, throwing his hat into the air. "Hurrah for Padre McMullen! Hurrah! Hurrah! If we had more like him the Devil would run out of business in less than a year."

"He has a spark!" my mother agreed. "And he does what is right, no matter who doesn't like it. He is a good, good, unpredictable man and I love him!"

"So do I love him!" said my glistening father.

I, too, love Padre McMullen, now that I look back. Saint Bartholomew's, which was so new and golden in the days of my youth, is an old church today. There have been many pastors and assistant pastors to speak from its pulpit. Monsignors and Bishops have graduated from the parish and the diocese; but when I think about Holy Mother, the Church, and when my sister, Elena, of the sewing kit, thinks about Her, the round, cherubic face of Padre McMullen is always before us. So it is with the others we have asked, Americano and Mejicano alike, for he lived without racial prejudice and preference among us. He was the good shepherd to us all.

I do not know when it was that our dislike turned to tolerance and our tolerance to love; but it no longer matters to any of us that he never became a Monsignor, a Bishop, an Archbishop nor a Cardinal.

Whenever we are troubled we still go to Padre McMullen and ask him to set our petitions personally before the throne of The Creator at some opportune moment when God is not too hard-pressed with the affairs of state and the destructive properties of hydrogen bombs. This we know he does, for he is our private *santo*, Saint Thomas McMullen, beloved Gringo! †

santo—saint

Graymoor In Japan

Conducted by Fr. Titus Cranny, S.A.

MOTHER OF MERCY CHURCH. Readers of THE LAMP will recall that in the June, 1957, issue we printed a photograph of the new Catholic church in Kawasaki. Recently the completed edifice was blessed by the Most Rev. Luke K. Arai, D.D., Bishop of Yokohama, and dedicated to Our Lady under the title Mother of Mercy. For the past eight years the city of Kawasaki, with a population of more than a half-million, has had only one Catholic church, St. Clare's. Increased interest in the faith and a growing congregation made it imperative that a second church be erected in this thriving industrial city.

About 300 Catholics will form the nucleus of the new parish. Until now they have had to make the long journey to St. Clare's Church on the other side of the city or attend Mass in the Catholic hospital of their neighborhood. The opening of the new church, with the possibility of attending daily Mass and visiting the Eucharistic Christ frequently, will assuredly be a tremendous help, strengthening them in their struggle for Christian holiness and against the pagan environment.

* * *

FATHER DAMIAN, PASTOR. The parish is headed by Fr. Damian Sato, S.A., who was born in Seattle, Wash., of Japanese parents who returned to their native land when the future friar was five years old. For the 11 years that the family lived in Japan, Fr. Damian attended the primary and middle schools in and around Okayama, near Hiroshima, on the island of Honshu. In 1929 the Sato family

left Japan and settled in Vancouver, B.C., where Fr. Damian met the Atonement Friars. In July, 1932, he came to Graymoor and entered St. John's Seminary. He finished his studies for the priesthood at Catholic University in Washington, D.C., and was ordained to the priesthood on May 22, 1945.

Shortly after ordination Fr. Damian was assigned to Greenwood, B.C., where he remained until 1948 when he was recalled to Graymoor to make prepa-



Fr. Damian Sato, S.A., the pastor of our new church.

rations for the departure of the first group of Graymoor friars for Japan in January, 1949. Since Fr. Damian was



Bishop Luke Arai, D.D., blessed the church assisted by Fr. Albert, S.A.; Fr. Joseph, S.A., and Fr. Jerome Koiwa of the Yokohama diocese.

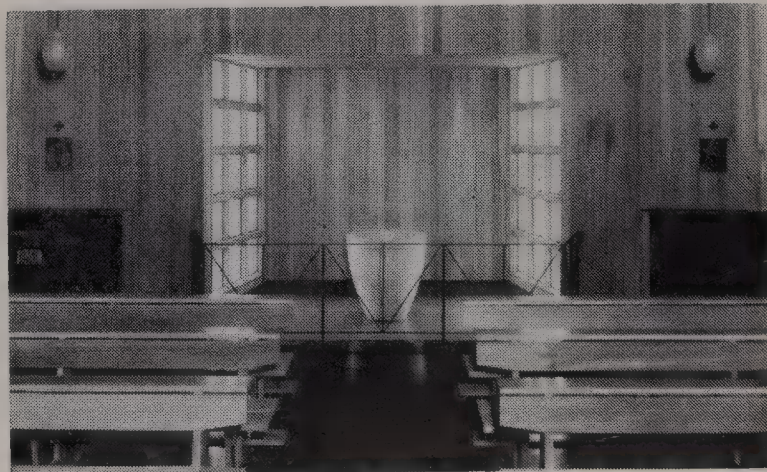
fluent in the Japanese language, he was assigned to the pastorate of St. Theresa's Church in Shinkoyasu where he remained for eight years. His apostolic zeal proved itself. For when he arrived there he had but 25 Catholics but now the faithful number almost 300 souls. There is no doubt that his zeal and good work will continue to bear much more fruit in the assignment at Our Mother of Mercy Church.

* * *

For the Japanese. The new church is designed in a modified Japanese style using wood throughout; the interior is arranged to provide a small Lady Chapel in which a hand-carved statue of Our Lady of Mercy will be placed in the near future. A life-size crucifix dominates the sanctuary and the baptistry, with its font of Japanese marble surrounded by a wrought iron railing, occupies a prominent position in the rear of the church. The dignified and artistic setting it provides for the ceremony of Baptism helps to impress the spiritual significance of the sacrament upon the newly baptized and upon many non-Christians who attend.



Mother of Mercy Church is a compact modern structure.



The plain but striking baptistry in new church.

See back cover for details

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He Found Peace

Continued from page 13

me that the basis of unity in radicalism is not love, but hate. Many radicals love their cause much less than they hate those who oppose it. As regards radicalism, I have also discovered that no social philosophy is quite as revolutionary as that of the Church."

Some time later in an interview with an editor of *The Tidings*, Los Angeles, he said: "I sorely needed the companionship of Jesus Christ—that was the compelling cause of my conversion to the Catholic Church."

However, God ordained that this talented man should have but a short existence in the vineyard of the Church. Soon after his conversion, Heywood Broun was lying in a hospital bed at the Medical Center in New York City, dying of pneumonia. Monsignor Sheen administered the last Sacraments and conferred the Papal Blessing upon him. His last words to the priest were: "God love you, I want to receive Our Lord in Holy Communion." Thus Heywood Broun, journalist, humorist, convert to the Catholic Faith, Morley's "strolling friar" of the twentieth century, passed to his eternal reward.

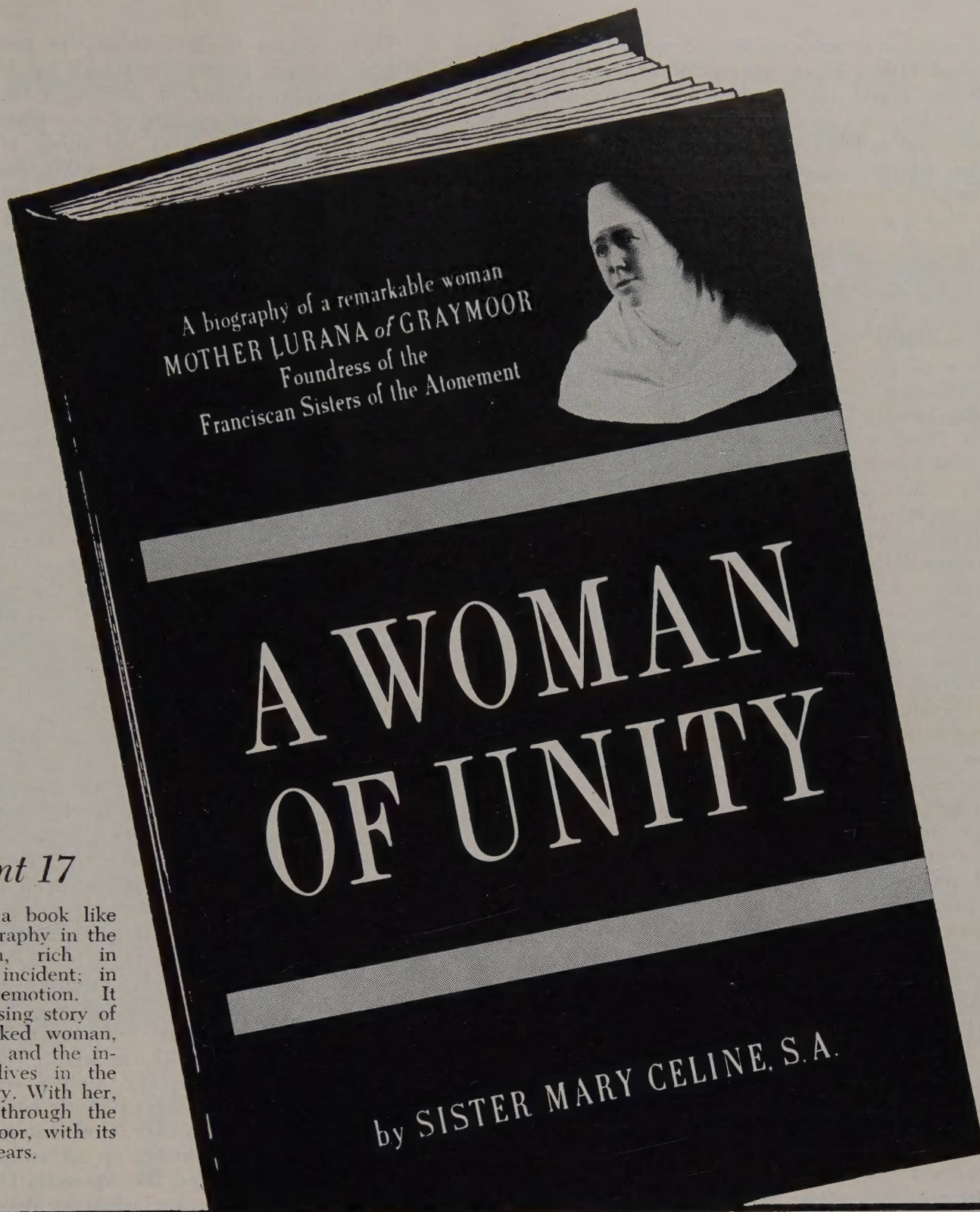
Monsignor Sheen said of him following his death:

"To but few men of his profession has come the thrill of living as he has lived. But may God grant that to all will come the joy of dying in the Lord as he died!"

Thus ends the story of Heywood Broun, a man who sincerely sought peace everywhere, and who finally discovered the secret of his soul—the recognition of the incompleteness of human existence, apart from the Divine. This discovery caused him to humbly knock on the door of the Catholic Church, seeking admittance into the true fold.

Despite the humiliations which he suffered in turning from his previous beliefs, he sought and found his refuge in the Catholic Church. He realized that only here was truth, the clear voice of God. When he passed away, American Catholicism indeed lost a man who might have been a Chesterton for America, as he had hoped a certain literary colleague of his would be its Belloc. But the crucial decision of his life—to see beyond the distracting glitter and noise of this world and to seek the Catholic Church—had been made, and Broun's life was complete. He had come into the harbor of peace!

†



Installment 17

Rare today is a book like this . . . a biography in the great tradition, rich in character and incident; in thought and emotion. It tells the engrossing story of a strongly marked woman, of her conflicts and the intertwining of lives in the past half century. With her, you will live through the birth of Graymoor, with its laughter and tears.

Chapter 8—Sailing in St. Peter's Barque

WHEN the Sisters of the Atonement entered the Church, the Community had the status of a diocesan institute. Mother Lurana was anxious to revise the Constitutions to bring them into accordance with Church Law. (Her original rule had been based on the Constitutions of the Sisters of Bethany where she had spent her postulate.) Seeking guidance in this major work, she made the acquaintance of the Very Reverend Edward Blecke through her good friend, Father Paschal Robinson. Whenever possible, he came to Graymoor from his friary in Paterson, N.J., to work with her. At other times, Mother Lurana, realizing how busy he was, would meet him in New York City either at the convent of the Franciscan Sisters of the Poor on East Fifth Street or at the Franciscan Sisters on 31st Street. The Mother Foundress was ever truly grateful to these Religious for their sincere Franciscan hospitality and for their equally beautiful Franciscan spirit. "The Sisters are so dear and kind," she wrote, "the family tie is very strong among Franciscans."

On these trips to the city the Mother Foundress took

as her travelling companion a woman guest at Graymoor. By this arrangement a Sister could be spared for the necessary work at home. However, abusing the Mother's confidence in her, this woman tried to sow the seeds of discord among the Sisters. Her efforts in that quarter were in vain. However she did not confine her remarks to the Graymoor convent, but spread them abroad. Unfortunately, no one took the trouble to prove the charges false.

Mother Lurana went about the city too much, she

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See back cover for details

THAT ALL MAY BE ONE - *The Lamp* - 31

asserted, which was not becoming in a nun. Actually the Mother had little enough money for many necessities; certainly she would not expend it on unnecessary train fare. Time, too, was at a premium. There was so much to be done and so little time to do it in. Mother Lurana, as a true Franciscan, carefully husbanded her time, which belonged to God. Besides, she was of a very retiring disposition, and did not care to put herself or her Community to the fore. If she did go to the city to consult with the Franciscan Provincial, if she did do some needed shopping, this was no more than many another busy Superior is forced to do. But, as we have said, no one took the trouble to investigate the actual facts. Accordingly, this ugly calumny was spread far afield and lasted through the years.

She did not stop here. Mother Lurana, she maintained, could not keep her Sisters with her. Very definitely, the woman had forgotten how short a time the Community had been in the Church. Forgotten, too, were the various religious backgrounds of those who did enter Graymoor prior to its reception into the true Fold. But this rumor, too, was thoughtlessly accepted by many good men and women and it, too, made itself felt for years to come.

One aspirant, who came to Graymoor about this time, was soon joined by her sister. After a week, the younger postulant approached the elder and told her she was leaving. "But why?" her sister wanted to know. "Because," she blurted out, "everything I have heard about Graymoor is true. I can not stay here for the rest of my life. This place has no future." Despite her sister's pleading, the younger woman returned home.

The elder sister remained, became a devout Religious and a zealous missionary, with 25 years in God's service to her credit. Some time after her death, her younger sister, a gray-haired woman, pleaded with the Community to permit her to return to Graymoor to die "in the place that had no future." The world had treated her kindly enough yet she longed to return to Graymoor. Her request was granted. She died in Our Lady's Hostel.

Another young candidate, accompanied by her father, went to the pastor for her letter of recommendation, "Man," said the priest indignantly, "what in the world are you thinking of? She will lose her faith in that place."

The girl who had come to know and love Graymoor was astounded. "Father," she asked timidly, "have you ever been to Graymoor?"

He had not. The girl's father took up the plea. "I am going to miss her more than anything in this whole world," he said earnestly, "but she has her heart set on going. She feels it is God's will for her and she seems very happy about it. And as far as I am concerned, I am not going to put the tip of my little finger in her way."

"Well," said the priest rather reluctantly. "You may go, but if ever you are not happy there, I want you to come right home. Do you understand?"

"Oh, yes," came the delighted answer, "I will. I will come right home, that is if I am not happy." But she did not "come home" and she has often wondered since if her beloved Founders, her sincere pastor and her own dear father are not chuckling now, in the light of eternity, over the inverted way we mortals have of viewing things.

Yet one is amazed by the lack of understanding and the accusations which Mother Lurana met with from those who ought to have aided her most. The defection of friends would be a hard trial all her life, for God had given her a loving and a trusting heart.

While still in the Episcopal Church, Mother Lurana had been accused of being a Catholic! Upon her entry into the Catholic Church, there were those within the Fold who pointed her out as a Protestant.

These rumors finally reached the ears of the Archbishop. Perhaps it was this which led him to revert to his original plan; that of sending a few Sisters to be trained in an older established Community.

In her love and zeal for the things of Saint Francis, Mother Lurana kept before her the ideal of Corporate Poverty. The kind ladies who had invited her to Graymoor to care for the Chapel of Saint John's in the Wilderness had made it clear that they wished her Community to own the little church and the ground adjacent to it. Nevertheless, no legal deed was given to confirm the transaction and the Foundress, in her Franciscan idealism, was happy to have it so. On this piece of property, as we have seen, she built Saint Francis Convent, the Motherhouse of her Community.

However, when the Society was about to be received into the Church the Mother felt she should acquaint the trustees of this fact. In the middle of October, 1909, she visited Miss Chadwick, one of the trustees, and suggested that she arrange with the other two ladies to give the Sisters the deed for the property. Miss Chadwick was most kind and declared that in equity and according to the frequently expressed opinion of the trustees the place belonged to the Sisters. She added that she would do all she could to have the property legally transferred to them; that in her opinion the fact that the Sisters were becoming Roman Catholics did not at all change the justice of the case.

But in March, 1910, a letter came from the lawyer of the trustees warning Mother Lurana not to make any alterations in the buildings as the property did not belong to the Community but to the three ladies. The Foundress, commenting on this letter, exclaimed, "So the blow has fallen! May God's Will be done and may no bad feeling be stirred up between the Churches." (How concerned she was for the one vital thing—Unity!) "If it be possible, that is, if it be to His greater glory, God will, I know, save our Portiuncula."

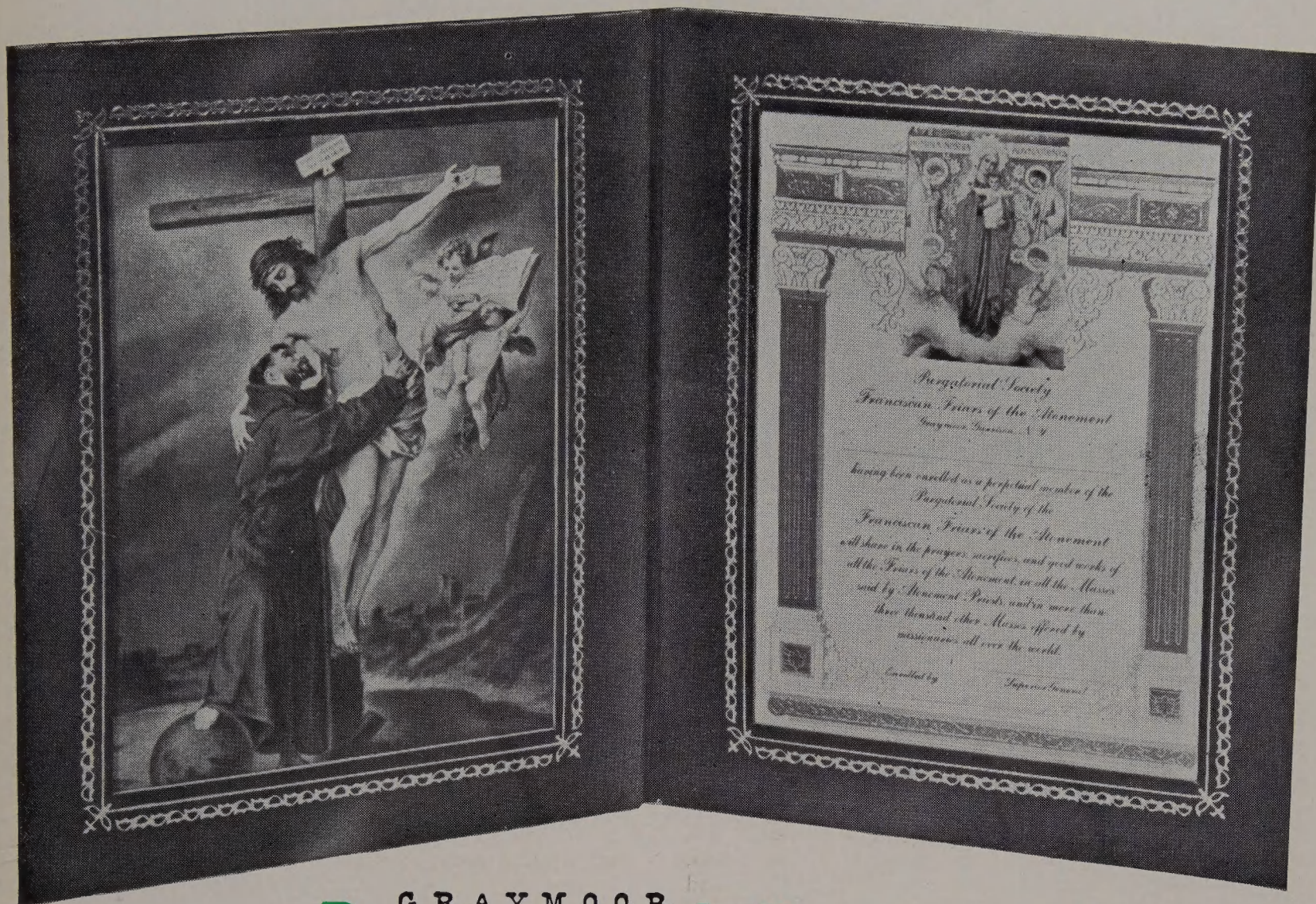
She immediately wrote to Archbishop Farley, who granted her an interview the very next day. He was helpful and interested and told her he had placed the Community's business with his lawyer and that he now considered it his affair. The Mother was wonderfully consoled by the Archbishop's fatherly kindness. "I do not feel at all worried," she said. "God is so good always."

Friends seemed to spring up all around her. Father Paschal Robinson visited the Apostolic Delegate on her behalf. Archbishop Farley, when in Washington, interviewed Father Paschal. Each one assured the Foundress she was to have no anxiety as to the outcome. Mother Lurana, though by no means a pessimist, at this particular point wrote, "I am not so certain of a settlement in our favor. Saint Francis may wish it otherwise."

By the first week of April the trustees' lawyer had informed Graymoor that no settlement on a monetary basis would be considered. The Mother Foundress did not wish to take the case into court, preferring rather to obey the injunction of Saint Francis by giving up the little convent home. She wrote of her decision to Archbishop Farley, who replied that he fully agreed with her. He suggested another estate near Poughkeepsie for a Motherhouse. In the meantime, a good benefactor offered the Community a loan of \$5,000 without interest to be paid back when convenient. The Sisters began a novena to Saint Anthony and on the last day bought a small triangular plot in front of the convent and an orchard to the rear was also purchased. If their convent were taken from them and they were not able to secure another house, they would at least have land on which to build.

(Continued next month)

Blessed are the Dead who die in the Lord...that they may rest from their labors. For their works follow them



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It will be a day of great confusion and personal shame for many, the day of wrath and mourning of which the funeral mass sings. But for the Blessed of God who will reign with Him forever, it will be the day of love's final and glorious triumph. To these Blessed Ones, whom the Angels will place on His Right Hand, the Lord of Life will say: "Come, . . . take possession of the Kingdom prepared for you . . . for I was hungry and you gave me to eat; I was thirsty and you gave me to drink; I was a stranger and you took me in; naked and you covered me; sick and you visited me."

To the members of His Mystical Body, these words of Christ do not seem strange. For we know that we are members of Christ, "Bone of His bones and flesh of His flesh," as St. Paul taught the first Christians. Blinded by the very Light of Christ, St. Paul was taught this great doctrine by Christ Himself on the road to Damascus.

After his conversion, St. Paul, Christ's great "vessel of election" traveled up and down

Asia Minor, beset by dangers everywhere, and to all he brought the glorious truth that Christ is in the faithful Christian and the faithful Christian is in Christ. Once this great truth is known and accepted, we can better understand the Words of Christ on the last day to the Citizens of His Kingdom, "Inasmuch as you did it to the least of these my Brethren, you did it to me."

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